THE COMMONWEAL

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CONCERNING THE LAETARE MEDAL

THE COMMONWEAL has good reasons for sharing in the rejoicings which will greet this year's awarding of the famous Laetare Medal by Notre Dame to Mr. James J. Phelan, of Boston. For Mr. Phelan is a member of the Board of Directors of the Calvert Associates, who publish this journal, and in addition he is the chairman of the special committee of the Calvert Associates in Boston, which has done, and continues to do, such effective work in the Bay State. Far be it from us, however, to suggest that these facts were placed among the many excellent reasons which led the authorities of Notre Dame University to select Mr. Phelan for the dignity, the honor, the distinction, which their annual award of the Laetare Medal bestows upon its recipient. Perhaps Notre Dame did not even know of Mr. Phelan's close connection with the work of this journal. And no doubt there are many other activities of his which are not known at Notre Dame—activities which to Mr. Phelan are simply matters of course, part and parcel of a continually constructive career, yet which are remembered gratefully by those who benefit by them. Notre Dame, however, upon whose board of trustees Mr. Phelan serves, is fully aware of its responsibility in choosing each year a Catholic layman or laywoman of unquestionable and exemplary distinction in art, science, letters or public affairs, to be placed not only before Catholics but before the whole community as a type of our developing American Catholic culture, and, therefore, Notre Dame undoubtedly studied and adjudged Mr. Phelan's career from a point of view higher and wider than that which would be the position selected by any one of the many groups associated with his varied achievements.

It is of course interesting and important to know that Mr. Phelan has risen from a place as page on the floor of the Boston Stock Exchange to one of the most influential positions not only in Massachusetts finance and business, but in the finance and business of the nation. This aspect of his career is a story of American opportunity and of American success with which we are familiar, yet which never lessens in its interest. But it is a story which, unfortunately, is not always, or even generally, accompanied by notable accomplishments in civic life, in educational projects and interests, in wide fields of philanthropy both personal and public, and in the promotion of religious work. In Mr. Phelan's case such achievements have been continuous

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and conspicuous. Boston College knows that fact. So do the orphan boys of Massachusetts. So, as we had occasion to point out last week, do the unemployed of the Bay State, who have been aided by the committee of which Mr. Phelan is chairman in a fashion that provided a model of effective action to the rest of the country. The principle of the stewardship of wealth and the social power which wealth and commercial leadership entails has been applied in practice by Mr. Phelan, and it is this fact, and, of course, the totality of all such facts in his busy life, which Notre Dame considered in bestowing the Laetare Medal.

It is by the accumulation of such instances that American Catholic culture will advance, and justify itself as one of the beneficial factors in American society. Notre Dame University provides a yearly opportunity to observe the progress of intellectual and social Catholicism—the fruits of its deeper and stronger spiritual forces.

Among those who have recently received the Laetare Medal there is Mr. Fred P. Henkel, a scholar and writer, and the representative of a force which perhaps more than any other Catholic group has promoted scientific Catholic social study and effort, the Central Verein—that group of German-American Catholics who have made such constructive contributions to the American common weal. Then there is former Governor Alfred E. Smith, whose work at Albany during many years so solidly and permanently advanced the interests of all the people of New York, and taught a needed lesson in good government to all the country. There is Agnes Repplier, recently named by a foreign observer of the American scene, the Abbé Lugan, as one of the three American Catholics who are most vitally affecting contemporary American culture. In earlier years there was Augustine Daly, a leading figure in one of the best periods of American dramatic art; earlier still, there was the great name of Orestes A. Brownson, the American laity's supreme intellectual influence, and its one notable contribution to American philosophical thought. And, again to hark back, there were Supreme Court Justice White and Maurice Francis Egan and General John Newton, the engineer, and General Rosecrans. A complete roster is, of course, not attempted here; all that we wish to indicate is the richness and wide social variety of the gifts possessed by the recipients of the Laetare Medal, the fruits of which have been enjoyed by the nation.

By a coincidence, in which perhaps it would not be too fanciful to discern a symbolical appropriateness, the same newspaper in which we happened to read the despatch from Notre Dame also contained an article dealing with the pilgrimage to Rome being organized by the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae to promote the canonization of the United States' first native-born saint, the Venerable Elizabeth Ann Seton, founder and first superior of the Sisters of Charity under the constitution of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. According to the newspaper account, Reverend Mother Seton, a member of a socially prominent New York family, and a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was the object of threats of expulsion from the state on the part of members of the Legislature, after her conversion to the Catholic Church, and the private school founded by her in New York before she established her convent at Emmitsburg, Maryland, was forced to close because of public resentment and opposition.

We have traveled far from the atmosphere of such unhappy prejudice. In spite of occasional storms, nobody could today imagine that such ostracism and opposition as Mother Seton encountered would be met by a Catholic educator opening a new school, or taking part in other ways in the intellectual life of the nation. On the contrary, Catholic coöperation in the cultural work of the community is taken for granted; it is considered fairly, if not always understood, or fully accepted. The general public welcome the appearance of Catholic leaders, and give their suggestions thoughtful consideration.

There is another thought suggested by the news concerning Mother Seton, and that concerning the recipient of the Laetare Medal, namely, the fact that so great a portion of Catholic Action, of the highest benefit to society, is of a character that by its very nature rarely becomes publicly noticeable. The deep, silent, almost hidden stream of influence exerted by Catholic sanctity—by our thousands of nuns and priests and laity who follow the path trodden by Mother Seton, but who may never reach the point so heroically won by her—this does not "get into the papers," it does not win medals for those who form it and keep it flowing, yet it is the fundamental force of Catholicism, in which the humble, and the uneducated, often play a greater part than the leaders who become publicly known. Yet both are needed, both are united in the totality of Catholic Action. The Laetare Medal list lights up the roll of achievement in the active, public aspects of American Catholic culture. Sanctity, and the hidden life of prayer and labor, is only remembered when some great name is placed on the altars of the Church. Both forces move from the same source, however, toward the same great end—the greater glory of God, through service to mankind.

WEEK BY WEEK

Real and Intangible Costs

WHEN we were acutely aware of the discomforts of the income tax recently, it was aggravating to have the president of the Association against the Prohibition Amendment present statistics asserting that prohibition had added 80 percent to our tax bill. That, whether only approximately true, was painful enough. Even more distressing was the reflection that not only was an 80 percent burden being imposed on the average taxpayer, but also this amount of money was being left as a present

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from the prohibition system in the hands of law-breakers. That is, under the old system of license and liquor control, $882,000,000 would have been collected in the past year from internal revenue on wine, beer and spirits; whereas this entire amount is now left legally untouchable in the pockets of bootleggers, gunmen, racketeers and corrupt officials. Let the farmers prostrated under debt, and this by all reports means the majority of farmers, and the small towns which are poverty-stricken by reason of the impoverishment of the farmers on whose trade they depend—let them reflect on this situation. They are the die-hard prohibitionists. If they think the present system is a reasonable means of attaining the common objective of temperance and decency, there is simply no reasoning with them.

AS FOR Mr. Wickersham's plaint that the wet press was more disturbed than the drys by his notorious report, in spite of its favoring the wets—we can only say that the cause of temperance, and in fact we believe the cause of a general improvement in the conditions of corruption and criminality in the United States, were dealt a further blow by Mr. Wickersham. The issue on which he was roundly scored by the press in general, was the discrepancy between the individual opinions of the members of the commission which bears his name, and the summary on which President Hoover, acting with remarkable celerity, based his recommendations to Congress. The summary, as everyone now knows, was a eulogy of prohibition and a recommendation that further millions be spent on it in an effort to impose it more drastically than it now is being imposed; whereas two of the eleven members of the commission were for outright repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, five were for revising the amendment, and the remaining four of the eleven were in favor of a further trial, but specified that if there were no improvement in prohibition enforcement, they would favor revision. The confusion and displeasure resulting from this situation in which the summary gave the lie to the individual opinions, or vice versa, depending on one's way of looking at the marvel, was not frankly answered by Mr. Wickersham's latest statement. He merely expressed pained surprise that the American press could not swallow such ingenuousness whole. Has the result of Mr. Wickersham's effort been a frank clearing of the issues? It has not, except that it by implication supported the formula most dangerous today to our whole national honesty and order—the public can be fooled. The summary was not an honest summary. That is in the evidence. Our observation is that the main reaction has been not so much to the prohibition issue, as it has been to the dishonesty of the report. That reaction was a body blow to respect for authority. Anything even approaching intellectual dishonesty in those in authority encourages the less favored in life to be dishonest in ways to them equally pragmatic.

A Way from Divorce

RACING to reduce the conditions to divorce in order to "get the business," many of our states have recently lowered the time limits of residence required, and extended the number of statutory causes, for divorce. Havana, Cuba, reported to be desirous of "muscling in" on the lucrative winter-resort business, has sought to combine the pleasures of basking in the sun, or taking a plunge in the surf, or at roulette or baccarat, or on the ponies, with the excitement of changing partners in the matrimonial grab-game. All this is done with a light-heartedness more unmoral than immoral. The implicit greed for money at almost any cost, and the implicit, but scented, jollified, and whoopeed lust, is of course immoral, but it must not be forgotten that the protagonists in most of these matters have never reached the moral age of reason. They have never, most of them, been subject to any real instruction. They are as naively selfish as children and as readily amused with toys, make-believe and fair weather. Because such people very simply do enjoy good clothes, good food, jewels and the favored places in the sun, and because of their "consumer importance," they are glorified in the society pages, the society and luxury magazines, and the lily gildings of advertising copy and illustrations. To those who are young in fact they become the symbols of happiness, real and personified, and any questioning of their headlong merry ways often seems the work of kill-joys. The moving pictures carry on the tradition. As a matter of fact, as in pagan Greece one-seventh of the population enjoyed liberty and all the fruits of leisure and plenty—that part which is atavistically held up as a model of the ideal of pagan life by sentimental dons and shallow scholars—while six-sevenths were slaves, today there is a like division in wealth: 10 percent of the population has 90 percent of the wealth. And it is a safe venture that this same 10 percent has 90 percent of the divorces. The point binding all this matter together, is that this 10 percent, by reason of their wealth and moral ignorance, are able to escape the social consequences of divorce. They pass the consequences along to others.

A SPECIFIC example of this was recently given by so unprejudiced and so competent an authority as Dean Gauss of Princeton University. "The scholastic record of children of divorced parents is far inferior to that of children whose parents are happily married," he said, and added: "The situation has become so well known that many headmasters of preparatory schools excluded a child who was orphaned through divorce because they feel that his career at preparatory school is foredoomed to failure. He tends to become 'a lone wolf' at school. He has no loyalty to either parent and is acutely unhappy. This unhappiness, of course, is a sign of maladjustment. When the school accepts the boy, it cannot, in two or three years, undo the evil effects of his entire life in such a household. The

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on the verge of being homeless, while the sociologists are collecting statistics, and the social planning commissions are drawing up their blue charts and reports, and the philosophers are quarreling over the question of what has caused our troubles, and what cure is theoretically the best.

We have no quarrel with the sociologists, or with organized charity. On the contrary, we have been shouting from the housetops our conviction of the need for social philosophy, and the urgency for organized, coöperative, social efforts to deal with causes and not merely with effects, particularly on the part of Catholics. Yet today, as never before in our country for many years, do we still require the spirit of personal service, the human, friendly, sympathetic, unquestioning alleviation of human suffering, human loneliness and human grief. We would ask our correspondent to remember that the very Pope who laid down the foundation principles for scientific and organized economic thinking and planning, Leo XIII, was also the Pope who is said to have declared that his "plan of social reform is the Third Order of Saint Francis." No doubt what he meant was that the Third Order, and similar organizations or individuals moved by the same spirit (and often such individuals and organizations are not Catholics so far as membership in the visible church is concerned), are the best possible instruments for dealing with the problems studied by the sociologists because the spirit that moves them is love and not materialistic efficiency.

Unquestionably our correspondent is right when he says: "There are many [Catholics] to be found taking an active part in the extension of human knowledge and power over the forces of nature. But there are not so many as there should be." Nevertheless, the signs multiply that point hopefully toward a better condition. The work of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, under the direction of Dr. John A. Ryan, is surely, if but slowly, gaining that support among Catholics, and that sympathetic attention on the part of the general public, which its high character and its combination of scientific method and technique with the guiding principles of Christian ethics, justly deserves. The last regional conference held under the auspices of this organization in Cleveland, for example, was given wide publicity in the daily press; but, even more important than the publicity, will be the fruitful results of the coming together of the representatives both of capital and of labor in an honest effort to deal with the realities of the situation facing society today.

Our elder contemporary, *America,* has been striving for twice the length of THE COMMONWEAL's life to arouse the Catholic conscience and inspire Catholic energy to deal with problems in the spirit desiderated by our correspondent. So has the *Catholic World.* So have many of our Catholic diocesan weekly newspapers. The *Ecclesiastical Review* and the *Homiletic Review* have carried the same message to their clerical audiences. We find the same policy adopted by the latest comer in the field of ecclesiastical journalism, the *Clergy Review,* which appeals to English readers throughout the world. In its latest number, there is an exceedingly able discussion of the subject by the Reverend P. Coffey of Maynooth College, Ireland. Another English magazine, the organ of the Jesuit Fathers, the *Month,* also in its current number, in reviewing a book by Mr. Henry Somerville, an English Catholic, entitled "Britain's Economic Illness," goes so far as to ask the question whether there are "enough practical Christians left in England to reorganize society on a Christian basis and thus avert the otherwise inevitable and disastrous revolution" which this calm and judicial-minded review seems to think imminent. Dr. Coffey, in his article in the *Clergy Review,* which deals with "Capital Ownership and Credit Control," calls attention to the fact that disinterested and open-minded students of our social problems "are progressively formulating and substantiating a very grave indictment of the whole capitalist financing system." Catholic sociologists have contributed to this study. While in no sense recklessly condemning everything connected with our present economic system, undoubtedly they have contributed to draw up an indictment which, as Dr. Coffey says, must be thoughtfully and dispassionately considered.

We might multiply these instances many fold, quoting the Central Verein in the United States, the Catholic Social Guild in England, and similar organizations in all the European countries, particularly France, Germany, Belgium and Holland. We might again call attention to the reconstruction program of our American Catholic bishops, issued immediately after the war, and we might, as political orators declaim on many occasions, "point with pride" to the efforts now being made, centering in Rome itself, to take advantage of the fortieth anniversary of the great encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII, the "Rerum Novarum," to reanimate Catholic interest and participation in social problems throughout the world.

Nevertheless, and in spite of all this, our correspondent and friendly critic, is right when he says that there are not enough Catholics doing their duty in this respect. Only a mere handful of men and women among our 20,000,000 American Catholics is as yet aroused. THE COMMONWEAL is well content to stand at the whipping post and take a lashing for its own faults in this respect, in the hope that our correspondent's whip will reach others as well and rouse them to a realization of the tremendous problem which confronts society and the Church. But we do not propose to forget Saint Francis. Sanctity as well as science must be brought to the solution of the task. St. Vincent de Paul Societies, enrolling individuals to work with individual victims of poverty are still, like the Third Order of Saint Francis, as important, if not more so, than the investigators and economists and organizers. Catholic Action is a synthesis, not a specialization.

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CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO

I. THE CITY OF GOD: 1523-1810

By E. R. PINEDA

The Mexican situation is not at present strictly news. It therefore seemed to us an excellent time for a calm and inclusive survey of the history and, springing from the history, the racial and temperamental characteristics involved in the conflict there between the material and the spiritual kingdoms. Ultimately the two will live in harmony. The way is perilous, however, and a true state of understanding and equilibrium is yet far to seek. The present article, in its two parts, one this week and the conclusion next week, is a valuable contribution toward ultimate understanding.—The Editors.

MY PLEA for reviving this topic is that the Mexican religious question is not yet settled, nor has it been, as far as I know, adequately stated or understood. Recently, indeed, the Mexican government's announced intention to confiscate the property of the Protestant denominations gave rise to comments that confirm my view. Hence the need and justification of my attempt at a restatement.

To be sure, it is a difficult subject. Such intricate and numerous ramifications it has! But for all its complexity, the issue itself is simple. It is graphically illustrated in a passage from Aristophanes's "Birds." A priest clad in a warm jerkin—the place is cold being in the clouds—is offering a sacrifice for the prosperity of the newly founded Cloudcuckoocity. Peisthetaerus, the innovator, founder of the novel city-state, after exchanging a few words with a poetaster who bursts into the scene, addresses the priest:

> Here you! You have both a jerkin and a tunic.
> Take it off! Give it to this learned poet.

And turning to the poetaster:

> Take the jerkin. My word, but you look cold!

There is a little more to the passage, and a whole bookful between its lines, but let it suffice. The first thing a reformer tries to reform is the church; the last, himself. I must not start, however, where I should end. Let me begin at the beginning.

One might expect, of course, that the origin of the Mexican religious question would be found in Spanish institutions. So it is, but it can be traced even further back, and should be, for a proper understanding of the problem. Its source should be sought in the closing days of the Roman Empire, the growing misfortunes of which were ascribed by the pagans to the forsaking of the tutelar gods of Rome and to the prevalence of Christianity. To refute this accusation Saint Augustine wrote his famous work, "De Civitate Dei," in which, besides exonerating the Christians of all responsibility, he advanced the proposition that if the worldly city-state were crumbling, upon its ruins would rise a city far greater and mightier, the City of God—a spiritual metropolis of the Christians' building—supreme over all the nations of the earth, which make up the *civitas terrena* or earthly state.

The City of God adumbrated by Saint Augustine did actually rise in the Holy See out of the ashes of the empire, and as his doctrine gained acceptance, the Church came to be regarded as the ultimate source of earthly authority, moral, intellectual and political. Thus a concept, originally theological, became, through long acquiescence, legal, forming part of the law of nations of the middle ages throughout the West. The temporal state was identified as the handmaid of the spiritual power while the Church became an earthly superstate.

This juridico-theological concept was to become more firmly rooted in Spain than elsewhere in the West by reason of the War of Reconquest, the appellation given to the 700-year crusade against the Moors. For centuries Spaniards fought with varying fortunes for God and country, literally, actually, for the war was at the same time a struggle between Christianity and Islam and a drive against the Moorish invaders. Out of this crucible was to emerge the fusion of religious zeal and love of country, of nationalism and Catholicity. Hence the propagation of the Faith became one of the chief motives of Spanish imperialism. In the mysticism of Columbus, in the piety of Queen Isabella, in the less cultured imaginations of the Cortéses and Pizarros, the idea of Catholic evangelization was never eclipsed by worldly considerations notwithstanding the spirit of the times, despite the economic preoccupations bequeathed by the war and the unquenched thirst for gold left by the hedonism of the Renaissance. At the close of the struggle, too, the crown was to issue triumphant over feudalism, all powerful, while the soldiers of the cross were to be mustered out in large numbers, rough fighting men, counts, marquises, who now found no better employment than to continue soldiering beyond the seas.

Such was the Spain of the explorers and *conquistadores* which was about to be transplanted across the ocean. Hence the unique character of the Spanish settlements. By a process of selection, colonists are usually recruited from progressive, humble folk who look for new fields for their initiative and activity. A colony in general looks to the future; it is national mutation. The Spanish settlements, on the contrary, were retrospective extensions of the peninsula, palingenetic creations. Orthodoxy, absolutism, aristocracy, these were the component elements of Old Spain that

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would carry her to the New World. They were represented by the clergy with its religious orders, tithes and inquisition; by the crown, distrustful, paternalistic, jealous of private initiative, with its aristocracy, bureaucracy and Machiavellian philosophy, divide in order to rule; by the coroneted men-at-arms with their fiefs and entails. In their midst, among human imperfections, were the theological virtues, faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of all was faith this time. Theirs a heroic, quixotic vision, like reviving knight errantry, to found an old order in a new land!

Hernando Cortés undertook the conquest, or rather, extended the reconquest to New Spain, for the holy war continued. As in Spain, the ecclesiastics saw heresy to be combated and unchristian customs to be repressed while the soldiers saw infidels, like the Moors, who should be conquered. The Indians' temples became "mosques" (and were so called) which must be destroyed. And rightly, too. They were filthy shambles, caked with human blood and crying and reeking to heaven. Doubtless many a war captive of the Indians helped in this destruction, remembering that his countrymen and even kinsmen perhaps had been immolated at the undefiled but unsanitary altar. The Indians, in fact, were cruel masters among themselves. Tribes were forever warring upon each other, exacting burdensome tributes and tearing out the hearts of the war captives, some twenty thousand of whom were sacrificed annually. Except for the ruling castes, the masses of the Indians undoubtedly preferred the Spaniards as overlords, especially if we bear in mind that the conquest meant the introduction of three godsends: steel, which came to simplify the artizan's labor, and the wheel and the beast of burden, which freed the human pack animals trained by the natives. In short, to the Spaniards the conquest was the reconquest; to the Indians, liberation, for all its cruelty.

Despite Cortés's failings, as a man of the frontier where he was law unto himself, he was undeniably a devout Catholic. His ordinances against blasphemy, his exhortations to his countrymen to recite their devotions faithfully every morning with the peons before they left for their daily tasks, are extant and are corroborated by additional evidence. Years ago, while traveling with my father, we were awakened toward daybreak by a strange chant which finally receded out of hearing although the train had stopped. What could it be? Finally we guessed. It was some farmhands singing their *alabado*—the conqueror chanting his matins with his Indian serfs from his sixteenth-century fief as the twentieth century sped by in the Pullman. To be sure Cortés has been maligned by Mexican nationalism—Indianistic Hispanophobia—which represents him in the text-books as a tyrant and a butcher. A man of some education, having studied at Salamanca, intelligent and determined, he was primarily a diplomat and a statesman. His letters to Charles V are full of constructive ideas: requests for seeds, for breeds of cattle, for all kinds of useful things. As one might expect, one of his earliest letters contained a request to the emperor to send missionaries "of holy life so that our faith would be extolled." In 1523 the first missionaries came, three Flemings. Yet the work of evangelization did not begin in earnest until the following year, when twelve Franciscans, like the twelve of old, came to New Spain with the proper authorization from Pontiff and emperor. Cortés gave orders that both Spaniards and Indians should go out with lighted candles to greet the saintly men as they trudged their way on foot from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, and as they approached their destination he too went out with his captains and some Indian chieftains. On catching sight of them he dismounted and, advancing on foot toward the head of the mission, he knelt down and kissed the Friar's habit. To be sure this was meant for effect, but was not wholly insincere. The uncrowned king, the Cid of New Spain, never addressed a religious without doffing his hat. Within fifty years of the twelve's coming, as a by-product of religion, a monumental work of philology had been accomplished. The various missionaries had compiled scholarly dictionaries and primers covering some sixty different Indian languages with fifty dialects. The gift of tongues had been vouchsafed the new apostles.

Meantime in Old Spain a controversy was raging. Some people, mostly civilians, inclined to the view that the Indians were not rational beings capable of receiving the Gospel. They thought they were creatures of nature, but never went quite the length of the great New England Puritan divine of a century later, Cotton Mather, who believed that "the devil decoyed the miserable savages hither in the hope that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ would never come here to destroy or disturb his absolute control over them." Las Casas, "the apostle of the Indians," as the official text-books call him, repeatedly asked for a formal declaration from the emperor to the effect that they were rational, with a request that anyone who held the contrary be burnt at the stake. Thoroughly unpractical and tactless, the good bishop would be described today as a sincere but misguided lobbyist. He is known to have closed a petition to a civil court with a threat of excommunication. To relieve his beloved Indians, he succeeded in introducing black slaves, who proved to be their worst oppressors. Yet, doubtless as a result of his agitation, Pope Paul III issued the bull, "Sublimis Deus," in 1537, containing the long-sought declaration, while five years before, the Dominican, Francisco de Vitoria, a professor of Salamanca, delivered a series of lectures "On the Indians and the Right of the Spaniards to Wage War on Them," which as a by-product of religion also, became in time a monumental work—the first treatise of international law and one of the loftiest in conception and most advanced. Taking as his text the passage from the Gospel of Saint Matthew, "Go teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," to which the bull also refers, he

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concludes that the Indian tribes are states and must be respected as such; that neither diversity of religion nor the extension of empire justifies war or despoiling the natives of their possessions. In short, his whole treatise, forming the basis of the colonial policy of Spain, can be reduced to two propositions: the brotherhood of man and the universality of the Church.

Yet the first of the laws inspired by de Vitoria's work, statutes which were to develop into the body known as the Laws of the Indies, was destined to be accorded an inauspicious reception, thanks to good Bishop Las Casas. European settlements invariably create, as Lord Olivier has recently stated, a serious labor problem, which can only be solved by compelling the natives to work, directly, through predial or domestic slavery; or indirectly, through expropriating the natives of their land or through taxation. Cortés faced this problem, as well as the problem of rewarding soldiers, and solved both by the creation of *encomiendas,* an institution involving a feudal relationship of mutual rights and obligations, which he had first seen in Cuba. Each soldier was enfeoffed with an *encomienda,* the serfs of which, besides being attached to the soil, had to pay a small poll tax to the lord and to perform certain services. In return, the lord was bound to protect the Indians and to teach them the ways of civilization and Christianity. Las Casas, having been at one time an *encomendero,* a feoffee, disliked the institution and wrested a decree from Charles abolishing all future *encomiendas.* The existing ones would escheat to the crown on the death of the feoffees. The serfs were not to be emancipated, but the *encomiendas* would pass from the tenants, who were familiar with conditions, to rotating bureaucrats appointed by the crown, ignorant of conditions and devoid of a proprietary interest in the fiefs. There was, of course, great opposition to the law. So much so, that the functionary entrusted with its promulgation held the decree in abeyance. A meeting of the ecclesiastical authorities was called for 1544 and the conferees, tempering absolute justice with expediency, decided for repeal and finally obtained it.

The incident, however, is significant. It illustrates the spirit of the Laws of the Indies: the cautiousness of the government, the insistence on actuality, rather than pure ideology, as the basis of legislation, and the influence of the Church.

Catholic theology translated into civil legislation as embodied in the Laws of the Indies placed the natives in the position of minors under Roman law. They could make their position better, not worse. The Indian must not enter into a contract involving more than a certain amount, nor could he alienate or encumber his real or personal property without court order. All new towns founded, with the church building as the topographic and civic center, must be provided with sufficient water rights and commons, which might not be divided, alienated or charged with any encumbrances. Tribal chieftains, where the community had embraced Christianity, were not disturbed, but were supervised by white functionaries. In short, the system was similar to the African policy advocated at present by Lord Lugard and General Smuts: encouragement of tribal custom, racial coöperation and segregation. Yet, with a loftier ideal, Spanish rule was milder, for any half-caste with one-sixteenth of Indian or even Negro blood could be pronounced white by the courts.

In purely spiritual matters, also, there were soon to be two holes, one for the hens and another for the chickens. The Inquisition at first had jurisdiction over natives and Europeans alike, but from 1575 the Indians were no longer subject to the tribunal. The turning point was the execution of the Cacique of Texcoco in 1439 and, although the trial seems to have been regular, the Inquisitor-General of Toledo, not being satisfied, sent a special commissioner to make a careful investigation and report. Beginning from 1575 any citizen of the dominant race might be haled before the tribunal for heretical views or immoral practices, while a member of the subject race brought before it for relapsing into idolatry could plead, paraphrasing Saint Paul's words, *Civis Indianus sum.* Here a comparison is in order. The attitude toward the natives of another theologian living in a more enlightened age a century later and doubtless belonging to a superior race, Increase Mather, is contained in the words: "Nor could they cease crying to the Lord against Philip [the Indian chieftain] until they had prayed the bullet into his heart"—the efficiency of Christian prayer in killing a savage.

In the 300 years of its life the "Unholy Office," as the official text-books represent it, handed exactly forty death sentences. Like the Puritans in New England, it sought to suppress heresy except that its rules were doubtless more reasonable; unlike them, it never banned dice or cards, nor did it ever try anyone for enjoying himself on Sunday at the theatre or even at the bullring or the cockfight. Toward the end of the eighteenth century it degenerated, but even during this period it never banned cigarettes, nor did its agents kill anyone for keeping or selling a little or much liquor, slightly or quite alcoholic. On the other hand, for the place and time, its influence probably tended to prevent the corruption of the natives, a problem quite acute in all European settlements.

The Church, however, did not act negatively only. In the cities the ecclesiastics founded hospitals, asylums, schools, universities, while the missionaries, salt of the earth, after a thorough training in the Indian tongues, would push into the wilderness, each with a bag of this commodity for bartering purposes so as to win the confidence of the savages and nomads. When this had been accomplished, the apostle would speak to the natives of heaven and earth, of the arts of civilization and Christian doctrine. By and by he would persuade the savages to take up a fixed abode and then other missionaries would come to continue the instruction of

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the neophytes in religion, agriculture and the useful arts of civilization, while the hermit would push further with his bag of salt. Often the Church traveled faster than the state and from necessity the churchmen became the civil authorities. Thus the Spanish theocracy took root anew and, as often happens, throve on virgin soil. The old City of God, this time of the Spaniards' building, rose in the New World.

Such was the "Spanish Domination" of the patriotic text-books. To be sure, the problem of evil was present. Some churchmen were overbearing and harsh with the Indians. Some natives, as in New England, were enslaved, but never deported. There was illegitimacy, as in all European settlements. Some Indians doubtless were despoiled of their possessions, as they were in Massachusetts and there was butchery too, as with the Pequods, of whom, according to the great Puritan divine, Cotton Mather, "no less than five or six thousand Pequod souls were brought down to hell that day." Yet the balance was of enlightenment, of intelligence, of good. Wherever the European penetrates into the brown or black man's land, the native population diminishes. In New Spain it increased. If today the Mexican Indians are not shut up in reservations dying of tuberculosis, it is doubtless because of the whole policy of the Spanish régime; it is because the Spanish churchmen protected the natives with the humanitarian legislation they promoted and in a thousand ways; because the missionaries and the priests had the charity and the devotion necessary to teach the Indians, to change their *mores* for a higher concept, to instruct them in the ways of civilization so that they could bear up better in the competition with the white man. In short, the ultimate explanation is Catholicity —the brotherhood of man and the universality of the Church. Any other denomination that had attempted this task would have failed for this very reason. Its action would have been particular, national (rather than universal), unsustained, unsystematic. A Protestant church would have lacked a celibate clergy for the work and a liturgy to appeal to the primitive mind, and doubtless from the beginning it would have found discord in its midst.

One can now understand why the colonists of New Spain (and the Conservatives later) were devoted and loyal to their Church, for New Spain, to paraphrase the words of Herodotus, was a gift of the Church.

For 300 years was New Spain to endure with practically no standing army, for this was first created as a protection against the English in 1762. Five years later the first alarming sign appeared—the expulsion of the Jesuits. No historian justifies it now. We know today it was due to the Voltaireanism of the Minister Aranda, thus showing that the ideology of the French Revolution was already invading Old and New Spain. In itself, too, the event was significant. The Jesuits were the most efficient of the religious orders and had been of great service in instilling a sense of moral and mental discipline in the turbulent minds of the creoles. Moreover, the confiscation of their property established a dangerous precedent in a land where the majority of the people, because of their primitive mentality, vaguely understood property rights. Other symptoms followed. Early in the following century, the royal exchequer being depleted, it was suggested to replenish it out of church property—the absolutism of the Spanish crown united in unholy wedlock with the libertinism of the French Revolution.

The leaven of the War of Independence, which was to break out in 1810, was already working. Already, Peisthetaerus had begun to strip the jerkin from the priest's back.

AUSTRIA AS ONE FINDS IT

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

I SUBMIT that an American's impressions of Austria will have at least a certain piquancy. They may be erroneous in detail, or unaware of grave truths, but they can hardly avoid being enlivened by a sense of the antithesis which exists between the immensities of the United States and the small-scale reckonings of this Danubian land. We think in terms of fabulous distances, far-flung industrial ventures, mass problems and products. Here is a country as small and neatly interlocked as a wrist watch. Some Coxey's army could march across the length and breadth of it in a day or two; and a Viennese who really wanted to could almost stroll over and milk a Tyrolese cow of a morning. Nor is the Austrian timepiece even a very good make. It simply "happened together," one might venture to declare. Though the republic which remained when the treaty-makers of St. Germain had finished does conserve the basic outlines of the ancient German east Alpine colony, it has neither territorial nor industrial nor social unity. Having survived because there was nothing else to do, contemporary Austria makes progress by resorting to a frugality of which Americans have no conception. This you see everywhere—in the private citizen's budget as well as in the communal exploits of the state.

Again, tradition is as rich and vast in Austria as it is thin and difficult to notice in the United States. The past lies about one in huge heaps not merely of treasure but also of achievement. There have been many dynasties, for instance, but none we can visualize attained the density which seems to have been native to the Hapsburgs. Their palaces, their hearts, their bodies even—now all of them sights to regale the whilom tourist—are all so many symbols of an accumulative

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and regulatory energy which focused both history and the arts on one point. How happy we should be, we with gothic gargoyles on our forty-story bank buildings, if one American family had given a hundredth of this evidence that it had lived and understood how to live! But the court life of Austria was surpassed a hundred times by the Church, which in a multitude of abbeys and cathedrals erected monuments to God that were at the same time professions of man. Everywhere a breath-taking wealth of treasured beauty and initiative. The Danubian Benedictines of today hardly know whether they will have another meal; but the past is about them in glory, they move in the lights and shadows of a thousand years. And, finally, what a people! Nowhere else on earth has popular civilization such a genuine ring. Here a tavern festival is as mature as the thirty-ninth performance of "Aida" by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

These reflections are not new. I submit them primarily because they give the proper light in which to take a few snapshots, interesting to this traveler and so, perhaps, to others. We shall skip the current depression, so marked here that bankruptcy has followed bankruptcy and report report. Never was there such a demand for old clothes. They lie momentarily in huge bundles on the table of Catholic charity organizations and may then be encountered on the streets. In the poorer districts of Vienna, half the population seems to be garbed for a perennial masked ball; and one would not be astonished at meeting one of Maria Theresa's morning gowns at the fish market.

His Eminence the Cardinal, Archbishop of Vienna, who is surely one of the most harassed and sweet-tempered prelates in Christendom, issues a multitude of appeals to those who are able to give alms a little more abundantly. A glance at the statistics of almost any local industry is sure to encounter dire gloom, not merely because of market recessions but also because the increasing toll demanded by social insurance is draining capital resources. And yet, for some blessed reason, the Austrian seems to bear pecuniary disaster more easily than the German or the Frenchman. It is true that of late he exhibits an alarming tendency to end his life when that becomes too much of a burden, and the suicide figures are somberly impressive. But on the whole he is aided by his temperament, by the fact that he is now acquainted with adversity and by his allegiance to now well-staked-out social partizanships.

These last-named partizanships work themselves out with abnormal sharpness. Of course one does not encounter at present anything resembling the barricades of a few years ago, when Heimwehr and Marxist army were arrayed in open battle. Nevertheless, the conflict between Socialism and its foes is unceasing as well as relentless; and the outcome is of tremendous importance not merely for Austria but for the whole of Europe. The singular unity, skill and success which characterize the onward movement of social democracy in Vienna are attributable to adroit party politics no less than to a philosophy sponsored with enthusiasm.

Ever since the close of the World War, housing has been the primary key to the hearts of the populace. This the Socialist leaders realized very well. By means of laws which throttled all realty development in the capitalistic or distributist sense, they secured money to finance their own building enterprises —surely the most stupendous ventures into coöperative living ever undertaken. The great apartment blocks at Heiligenstadt and elsewhere—built, it seems to me, to resemble some particularly hideous fortress—do help to solve the housing problem, but they are also hives in which Socialistic honey is produced and stored. Similarly city orphanages and shelters, retreats and baths, sanatoria and social centers, are built and operated with almost depressing efficiency—in order to express the hygienic purposes of social welfare workers, and to impress upon the masses the beneficence of Socialistic doctrine.

It need hardly be said that the parties of the opposition are sorely divided. To begin with (and the matter is instructive from the American standpoint), they have never been able to agree upon a social program. The Christian Social party, which is the distinctively Catholic organization, seems to be lacking in aggressive leadership, particularly since the health of Monsignor Seipel has been precarious. For the most part, organs of opinion which express its principles are quite conservative, the only marked exception being Dr. Joseph Eberle's *Schoenere Zukunft,* a weekly perodical of COMMONWEAL format, which is now the most widely distributed Catholic publication appearing in German. This advocates a distributist program as the only possible antidote to Communistic Socialism; but I was not able to find that its campaign was getting marked popular support. The official Catholic emphasis seems to be laid on caritative activity, defense of the rights of the Church and moral sanitation. Other bourgeois groups are interested chiefly in political recipes, and range all the way from liberalism of the Frankfurt school to dictatorial inclinations. One hesitates to draw conclusions. And yet it seems quite clear that if it were not for the determined opposition of rural districts, Socialism of a markedly radical stamp would triumph in Austria or would, at all events, lead to fiercely fought class war.

That is why conservative elements are prone to grasp at almost every promising musket or bludgeon. When Monsignor Seipel sought a coalition with the Heimatblock—or ultra-conservative party—during the last elections, the object was to gamble for enough political strength to put down the Marxists. More recently the university authorities manifestly favored a Hitlerite student faction, for the simple reason that the university is anti-Marxist. Naturally enough, these oppositions express themselves in non-political ways. The Austrian Socialist party is anti-Christian to an

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extent which leaves such a situation as now obtains in Germany unthinkable. That it has made open war on the Church by urging or even obliging its members to abandon the practice of religion is a sad fact, demonstrated by tens of thousands of cases. And since its leaders are in turn highly intelligent if ultra-radical Jews, a marked odor of anti-Semitism flavors a good deal of conservative thought and feeling. Finally, the great majority of Viennese newspapers have little if anything to do with what is going on in the world. They are frankly propaganda sheets and dish up everything, from anthropology to art criticism, in highly individual if sometimes bizarre sauces.

It goes without saying that the final outcome is to a large extent dependent upon how the nation's major problems are solved. Obviously, the most important of these is the economic pacification of Europe, one great portion of which has Vienna as its center. The fact that Pan-Europa was first advocated here is not a coincidence. For Austria, after a century of hard though ultimately fruitless effort to weld together half a dozen nationalities, realizes better than any other state could the disastrous consequences which must follow such violent fractionalizing as that imposed by recent treaties of peace. Not that people here are utopists who dream of restoring the empire of Francis Joseph. But they see a certain truth very clearly: while it is possible for a state as large as the United States to live and thrive behind high tariff walls, such barricades must mean economic death to small nations, erected not with any real regard for economic fact but for reasons of patriotism or race feeling. While, therefore, central Europe cannot go back to the unity it once possessed, it must go forward to a new unification—a new willingness to coöperate industrially. For some Austrians, such progress means incorporation in the German Reich; for others it means a Danube Federation; for still others it is Pan-Europa, more organically arrived at than Briand's somewhat half-hearted scheme would permit.

I cannot permit myself to make a case in defense of any of these views here. A glance at the map will show, however, that a geographical situation like Austria's is economically untenable. It is, for instance, four times as far from Innsbruck to Vienna as from Innsbruck to Munich, nor does the great artery of water transportation, the Danube, run through the country from east to west. One may add that the nation's political weakness is still more clear. One of the oldest, greatest and most beautiful cities of Christendom is directly in the path of any one of those dozen military onrushes now spoken of in central Europe almost as a matter of course.

But it remains to express the conviction that if the difficulties which surround the Austrian future can be removed by human ingenuity and tact they will be, by a population which possesses extraordinary gifts. From one point of view the Austrian is the Britisher of the Continent. He is a close and serious student but also a born traveler. During more than a hundred years the near East was his empire, in dealing with which he utilized to the full his linguistic dexterity as well as his diplomatic adroitness. Even today it is the Austrian ambassador who has the password and countersign in Turkey.

For better or for worse, every thread which runs through the complicated political intrigues of the new Balkans is knotted in Vienna. Witness the highly romantic, if atrocious, attempt made on the life of King Zogu. And finally the voyages of Father Schebasta to pigmy land, one of the most interesting episodes in the history of travel, are simply a major instance of what thousands of less distinguished Austrians manage to do in spite of very limited funds and hampering pursuits. Nor would it be possible to find anywhere else in Europe a greater supply of that human being who merits the English appelation, "gentleman."

On the other hand, the Austrian is likewise akin to the Italian. His art and his life keep the indefinable flexibility which from time immemorial have distinguished the sons and daughters of Lombardy or Venice. Indeed, a disposition to deal leisurely with matters of some practical importance will sometimes exasperate the foreigner. The manager of a sizable establishment told me that when he opened shop, there was not so much as a trace of the salesmen which in other countries descend in droves upon anyone suspected of launching a new business. Instead, he had to seek out the firms dealing in such wares as he required and to request them, again and again, to accept the burden of his patronage.

This attitude is, of course, in part a corollary to artistic skill. The Viennese are all goldsmiths, touching nothing which they do not adorn (unless it be modern Communistic housing). And the provinces round about are, perhaps, even richer in creative genius, which expresses itself in painting, music and literature with consummate naturalness and disdain of immediate success. This excellent quality deepens one's confidence in the Austrian future. Here are men who have learned by instinct to realize the correctness of a philosophic general's advice to his troops: "Don't hurry—we want to win a victory."

Even so there is a chance that the problems may be too great to solve. When one looks about and sees a proletariat literally endowed with the nothing that horrible word implies; when one observes that this proletariat is increasing every day; when one, finally, remembers the fruits borne by mass poverty and hopelessness —then one concedes that the watch may, some fine morning, refuse to wind. The tragedy involved in this possibility is not a matter for romantic or sentimental regrets. What counts is not that St. Stephen's may crumble into ruins—which, of course, I should greatly deplore—but that one of the oldest bulwarks of Christian civilization may give way before the tides now seething out of the East.

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THE POPES AND THE UNITED STATES

By PETER GUILDAY

FROM the days of the Maryland Landfall under the Calverts to our own (1634-1931) twenty-five Popes have ruled over the Church in what is now the United States—one Urban, four Innocents, two Alexanders, six Clements, three Benedicts, one Gregory, two with the name of Leo and six with that of Pius. Many of these, it is true, had little, if any, appreciable personal influence in the establishment and progress of the Faith in the present American republic; others enter intimately into our Catholic life and have left an imperishable impression on our history.

Maryland was founded (1634) during the pontificate of Urban VIII (1629-1644). As missionaries the Jesuits, who were the pioneers of priestly ministration in the colony, were subject to their own superiors and to the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide which had been established in 1622 for the supervision of the missions throughout the world. It is true that Propaganda's exercise of jurisdiction over the Church in the English colonies was practically non-existent until after the Revolution when John Carroll was named prefect apostolic (1784). It would indeed be difficult to prove any serious interest in the progress of the Church here on the part either of Propaganda or of the Popes up to that time. But from 1784 to the present, no Church in Christendom has been closer to the Holy See than that of the United States.

Before 1784, a few interesting facts may be mentioned from the standpoint of this relationship. The first is a curious and amusing Report made in 1679 by Monsignor Urban Cerri, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation, for Pope Innocent XI, which was translated by the Anglican Bishop Hoadly and published in London in 1715. Virginia is New England to the good Cerri; Maryland was given to Lord Baltimore as a reward for his services to King James I. California is "a great island in the South Seas." Cerri tells us also that there were at the time thirty Franciscan convents in New Mexico.

Although the Jesuits in Maryland and Pennsylvania are not directly the object of the famous settlement of the dispute between the English seculars and regulars in 1758 by Benedict XIV, they came under its provisions. The Society in this country was the victim of the suppression in 1773 under Clement XIV. Fortunately, distance saved the Jesuits here from the unspeakable tragedy which accompanied the disbanding of the Society in Catholic countries abroad.

With the pontificate of Pius VI (1775-1799) begins the more tangible of our relationships with the Papacy. It was Pius VI who appointed John Carroll prefect apostolic of the Church in the United States (1784) and five years later named him our first Bishop of Baltimore. The two pontifical briefs creating these hierarchical posts are indicative of the singular affection the Popes since that time have shown toward the Church here. It was his successor, Pius VII (1800-1823), who founded our hierarchy by creating our first suffragan sees, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown (1808), and later the sees of Richmond and Charleston (1820), and Cincinnati (1821). To Pius VII also we owe the restoration of the Society of Jesus (1814) throughout the world and therefore the renewed educational activity of the Jesuits in this country. Pius VII it was who wrote the first papal letter to the Church here, the "Non sine magno" of August 24, 1822, upholding the excommunication of our first schismatic priest and advising us on the trustee troubles of the time. Under Pius VIII, who reigned for a year and a half, our hierarchy held its first Provincial Council of Baltimore in 1829 (September 30—October 18), and the letter written by the prelates (October 24) is the first of ten similar documents which were composed during our ten national councils (1829-1884), all of them precious sources for the history of our loyalty to the Holy See.

With the accession to the throne of Peter of the former Prefect of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide, Cardinal Cappellari, as Gregory XVI (1831-1846), the ties binding us to Rome became stronger. During his pontificate twelve new dioceses and two vicariates were added to the American hierarchy, with sees as far apart as Detroit, Natchez, Dubuque, Galveston, Little Rock and Oregon. Gregory XVI is the first of the modern Popes to be flung into the whirlpool of American politics through the animosity his celebrated letter on the slave trade (1839) aroused in Abolitionist circles. It is interesting also to note that the next five Provincial (or national) Councils of Baltimore (1833, 1837, 1840, 1843, 1846) were held during his pontificate. Few Popes in the nineteenth century had so thorough a knowledge of American Church problems as Gregory XVI.

During the longest pontificate in the history of the Church, that of Pius IX (1847-1878), the extraordinary progress the Church made here was witnessed by the erection of ten new provinces (St. Louis, New York, Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Francisco, Boston, Milwaukee, Philadelphia and Santa Fé). It was during the pontificate of Pius IX that the United States was officially represented by ministers at the Quirinal (1847-1869); and it is to Pius IX that we owe our first cardinal, John McCloskey of New York (1875). Perhaps the most important pontifical letter addressed to the Church here during that time is the "Instruction concerning the Public Schools" sent

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to the bishops of the United States with the approval of Pius IX in 1875. The last of our Provincial (or national) Councils of Baltimore (1849) and the First and Second Plenary Councils of Baltimore (1852, 1866) were held under the auspices of Pius IX who appointed Archbishops Kenrick and Spalding apostolic delegates of these assemblies. The flight of Pius IX to Gaeta in 1848 and the seizing of Rome by the Piedmontese King Victor Emmanuel in 1869-1870 aroused the Catholic people of the United States as few international events in their long history have done, and the public meetings of protest which voiced their detestation of the treatment given to the august Pontiff proved in a striking way the deep loyalty and affection of the faithful in this country for the Holy See.

With the coronation of Joachim Pecci as Pope Leo XIII in 1878, another long pontificate of a quarter-century began. To enumerate all the acts of this great Pontiff which dealt particularly with our Church would carry us into every aspect of Catholic life and action. It was Leo XIII who added to our provinces by the erection of the archdioceses of Chicago (1880), St. Paul (1888) and Dubuque (1893). To him we owe the honor of the cardinalate conferred on James Gibbons in 1886, the founding of the Catholic University of America (1887), and the establishment of the apostolic delegation at Washington, D. C. (1893). During the pontificate of Leo XIII was held the last of our Plenary Councils of Baltimore (1884), and it is due to his sagacious direction that we escaped the dangerous shoals of racial, educational and doctrinal difficulties.

Under his next two successors, Pius X (1903-1914) and Benedict XV (1914-1922), the World War and its aftermath had drawn our country so closely into the stream of international affairs that no particular national problem affecting the Church here required special direction from these two Pontiffs. With the consent of Benedict XV, an annual assembly of our bishops was agreed upon in 1919 for the purpose of hearing the reports of the Administrative Committee of Bishops of the National Catholic Welfare Conference; and it was his saintly predecessor, Pius X, who changed (1908) our century-old missionary status under Propaganda, advancing our Church to full canonical status, ranking us with the older Churches of Europe. Pius X raised Archbishop John Farley of New York and Archbishop O'Connell of Boston to the cardinalate in 1911, and Benedict XV conferred the same exalted dignity upon Archbishop Dougherty of Philadelphia in 1921.

For nine years Pius XI has occupied the chair of Peter (1922-1931). Year after year, the American Church has reaped the golden harvest of loyalty for the Holy See sown by our leaders from the days of John Carroll. The creation of two more American cardinals, Hayes of New York and Mundelein of Chicago, in 1924; the elevation of the See of San Antonio (1926) to an archbishopric, bringing the number of our provinces to fifteen; the part taken by our hierarchy in the purchase of the site for the new College of Propaganda Fide; the selection of two Americans, Archbishops Mooney and Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., as spiritual ambassadors to India and the Irish Free State; the international Eucharistic Congress of Chicago (1926); the founding of the Knights of Malta in the United States; and above all the canonization of the Jesuit Martyrs in 1930, are some of the events linking our Church in a special manner to the Holy See during the past decade.

And now to crown it all, millions of Catholics throughout the United States to whom the opportunity of a journey to Rome would never come, have heard the voice of Pope Pius XI as clearly and as distinctly as if they were in his august presence. A truly tremendous moment came in the history of the Papacy when that sonorous voice, filled with sympathy for all mankind, entered the homes of the millions of faithful children of the Church in every city and hamlet of our country, awakening new sentiments of love and affection for Pius XI and greatly strengthening the faith of all of us in the divine guidance of the Chief Shepherd of Christendom.

Deep Country

In cities of man's making pent
I have known only discontent,
Nor all the gauds that man can show
Ease me a while before I go.
I have known trouble and distress
Because of man's vain business
And in great houses sighed to be
Out with the grasshopper and bee.

No urban gardens me assuage
Nor flowers in a shop-window cage,
Still for deep country I will cry
Loathing the state and luxury,
Under a cottage roof would creep
And hear the country in my sleep,
And taste her honey and milk and rest
Between her arms and mother's breast.

Give me deep country. Country still
May lie the other side o' the hill,
Not country where the townsfolk come
But where my heart would still be home
With reaping folk and roving folk
And who should care for What's o'clock?
Under a mountain, by a stream
Of such felicity I dream.

No rich men mar that paradise
With screaming cars on the black ice,
The highway once again should be
For little folk like you and me,
And flocks of geese and sheep and herds
And all the hedges full of birds.
To that deep country peace I know
One day I shall pack up and go.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

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MARCH DAY

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

AT FOUR o'clock in the morning when March's restless and relentless officer rattled my window-pane with violence, I could not go back to sleep, although daylight was not standing on the outside of my room. The wind kept rapping on my loose window-sash as if coming there with specific orders to bring me out of bed, but I could find no excuse for venturing into the darkness with a thick cloudy tent spread overhead.

St. Nicholas, my dog, barked just as daylight broke through the vast blackness, and a cardinal-bird with all the enthusiasm of a true, ecstatic spring sprite invited me out. My feet soon answered in the affirmative, and the robins complimented me on my favorable decision. The wind blew wildly, determined to beat the tail of my threadbare overcoat into deeper insensibility before it was stored away for the summer. The few remaining dry leaves clinging to the lower limbs of oaks and maples were plucked one by one, and each was hurled eastward at a terrific speed, none of them touching the earth while in my sight, and as far as I know, judging from the wind's behavior, they might have traveled on across the Atlantic Ocean.

March was damp: the ground, the air, the trees and weeds—all had been drinking heavily, and now the cold penetrated the flesh whenever I stopped. St. Nicholas, with hair ruffed by the gale, declared joyously that it was a fine morning for walking, and he paused every now and then and looked back as if he were fearful that I would change my mind. "Squish, squish, squish," everywhere in the woods, but my feet did not sink deeply. My calfskin shoes had thick soles, but I was unshod as far as rubbers were concerned, and St. Nicholas looked at my feet as if congratulating himself that he did not have to contend with such handicaps.

The north and northeastern sides of the forest trees were as green with moss as if they had been painted. Here and there old stumps and logs had been upholstered in moss, whose luxuriance showed that they had experienced a warm February. On a sourwood tree, where a small hill touched the overflow ground, beard moss hung in thick bunches, and farther up in a well-drained spot the earth was covered with reindeer moss four inches high. What a remarkable growth! Here were two popular lichens, each bearing the common name "moss" but not mosses at all, since mosses have leaves, and lichens only have little stubby branches instead.

The sight of reindeer moss sent my thoughts fleeting northward as far as the Arctic region, where the reindeer with its purposely grown antler-shovels digs the snow away. Mine is the same species of lichen. And then I saw an eskimo step up, milk a reindeer cow and collect a bunch of this lichen and boil it in the milk and dine on it. Although thousands of miles separate us, and snows and ice have built a permanent barrier between us, this cryptogamic plant is so fond of adventure that it has traveled all the way to the southland, and here I am enjoying it in eastern Tennessee!

The buds on maple trees were reddening, and trailing arbutus threw its white flowers into my face when the winds lifted the brown leafy apron from its lap. My little creek that flows under Phoebe Bridge had muddy banks, showing that it had recently been on a spree. An abnormal stream is unlike a drunken man, for it remains in its old haunts, following its course to the sea, but an intoxicated person travels anywhere and everywhere insulting everyone he meets with vile epithets! A flicker came and drummed on the dead trees, but his "chees" of which he was so full last fall, seemed to have been spent. Floating crows did not even caw, and waged wing-battles with the stiff winds. If I had not seen their black bodies, I would not have known these birds were near. Crows are usually so noisy that when they take a voiceless day as they did on that March morning, they make themselves objects of great curiosity.

The winds were trimming the forest trees, and every few moments my ears caught the sound of nature's pruning shears removing some huge dead branch. The basal foliage of wild carrot and yarrow was remarkably beautiful, and green rosettes had grown like circles in the water, pressed flat against the earth, as if mashed by a heavy iron.

A clear blue pond in the northwestern sky began to spread as the clouds moved on. The winds became less violent, and I could not keep my eyes from scanning that direction. It was one of the richest spots my eyes had found that morning. I had hopes of what it meant, and so St. Nicholas and I emerged from the woodlands and went into an old field gilded with broom-sedge and braced with sassafras shrubs fifteen feet tall. The golden coverlet seemed to be tacked on with rusty rivets made of sumac and blackberry briars, and old neglected peach trees that were using rouge on their bud-lips. The seedling peach trees were more old-fashioned, and had left the lip-sticks untouched, but derelict plum trees had been liberal in the use of the powder puff, and their cheeks were ghostly pale that morning.

Field sparrows and chewinks were turning over leaves in their briar patches, while chickadees and titmice were enjoying their usual happy conversations. The Quaker-grey foliage of rabbit tobacco had been left by the rain and sleet in a bedraggled condition, mummied to the main stems. Last year's asters were stripped and beaten by weather until they were "stick-

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weeds" indeed! Ball galls on the stems of goldenrods were symmetrical, but pictured abnormalities whose deformities were securely hidden last summer by its rank foliage.

By eleven o'clock, the blue northwestern sky-pond had grown into one vast sea, and not a single cloud was to be seen. Down at the foot of the hill a pond bescummed with millions of floating bud-scales from maple and elm trees, together with other tree-hash, gave me a new panorama. Open eyes ever draw remarkable surprises out of the realm of nature. February first gave me sight of an ice-bow, but March gave me a scum-bow. What a jewel it was! Though dimmer than the rainbow, yet it is its own brother. May I see lying above life's scum-bow of misery and want, a rainbow of life hovering over it as my scum-bow shone on that March day.

Out in an old neglected orchard, whose beggarly trees stood ragged in want, crowned with bundles of water-sprouts and last year's apples mummied by bitter rot, the rasping noise of a sparrowhawk drew me through memory's boyhood ears, that I might again listen to my old-time friend. How the sparrows, goldfinches, chickadees and titmice scurried away, most of them seeking cover in the dry grass and weeds on the ground! The forty or more small birds that concealed themselves from the apparent hungry and heartless enemy were so securely hidden that not one of them could I see. Over and over the supposed hawk uttered his frightful cries, as he was perched on the topmost bough of an old apple tree, his back turned toward me. I could scarcely withhold a laugh when I saw how perfectly the blue jay was playing the joke on his friends and neighbors. When he had enjoyed the fun, he changed to his old jay call, whereupon the frightened birds came forth from their hiding places and flew across the field, seeking a spot beyond reach of their tormentor. During the month of March this trick is a favorite pastime with the blue jay, who is so expert in mimmicking the harrowing cry of the sparrowhawk, so fearful to smaller birds, that he practises it often, seemingly for no other purpose but to amuse himself during the dull days of late winter.

Before the day was gone, the temperature began to drop until it was below freezing. Mentally richer for the day's observations, if not much wiser, I walked toward my lodge, and when I was within a hundred yards of it, trees, apparently with feathered branches, beckoned to me. The plume-like limbs grew more mysterious as I approached, but the mystery was cleared when I was fifty feet away. What startling creations nature surprises us with on every trip outdoors, winter or summer! The landlord had simply pruned the largest branches of his sugar maple trees, and the sap that flowed the night previous and in the morning had been caught with the sudden drop in the temperature. For the first time in my life, I walked about feasting on frozen maple sap in the form of sweetened icicles and icy plumes.

SAINT ANTHONY AND THE BIBLE

By HENRY KIRK

IT WOULD seem that the usual encomiast of Anthony of Padua chooses to perpetuate his memory through apochryphal matter rather than a portrayal of the impelling force which assured him a memory at all. To the chronicle of his miracles, the more celebrated of which are so well attested that no debate of them is necessary, these gentle scriveners contribute every shred of testimony from any pathological source whatever and with the fabric proceed to curtain the flame of this radiant son of God. True this may be charged up to human nature, a quarrel with which is the deadest loss known. But it is the same virtue, no whit the less rigorous, that is so deliberately squeamish about the sins of great penitents; it is a mental attitude which shrinks from mention of M. Barbey d'Aurevilly but is dauntless in presenting the valiant humanity of Catholic biography as a form of literary farina, stenciling the narrative of this or that saint with banality of a nature which, it is not inconceivable, must disconcert these heroes of God in heaven quite as it does many Catholics upon earth.

The architecture of the Church is being saved from the grotesquerie of so-called Gothic and distorted Romanesque—thanks to those admirable Catholics, the Benedictines, who also are preserving that perfected form of worship, the Roman liturgy. Plainchant, so long considered an archaeological curiosity, is succeeding the "pious entertainments" of Pergolese and Rossini, and gratitude here is due to Pius X. But how inadequate is the biographical treatment of our saints! Salutation to Papini for his "Saint Augustine" and to Father Cuthbert for his "Romanticism of Saint Francis," a work of distinguished beauty! But what has been done for Anthony of Padua? Charles Warren Stoddard wrote a genuinely charming life of him, but who knows it now? In a recently published work, "adapted from the best sources," not a single commentary is made upon Anthony's translation of the Psalms of David, but page after page is stuccoed with incredible anecdote.

Anthony of Padua and Francis of Assisi are two saints whose extraordinary popularity has done its best to dehumanize them. They are so hedged in by "devotions" and unintelligent "tradition," however well meaning, that it is difficult except for the student of biology to know just what sort of men they were. With some pardonable exaggeration, these two great men may be likened to cities which are buried beneath layer upon layer of walls and buildings, ashes and earth. The flawless spirituality of Francis is forgotten in pious misconception of his Portiuncula. How many Catholic young people, who dance to the emasculation of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Hymn to the Sun"—glibly able to tell you where it came from—are familiar with the apostrophe of Francis to the sun, the moon, the wind, the water (in which triumphant thing, it is said, Brother Pacificus also had a hand)? Human nature? Very well . . . but also must it be a phase of *der Dumheit,* as Schiller puts it, "against which the very gods are unvictorious."

To very few is Anthony of Padua known as a biblical authority—compared to the millions who hail him as retriever of lost articles. There is no doubt of the human appeal in his prestige. Not only do thousands upon thousands bombard him for all sorts of favors, from letting lodgings to the attaining of legitimate romance, but a great cry goes up from aching hearts, asking for peace at home, for the return of wanderers from the Faith, for holy living and for holy dying. This is the humanity of Catholicism, radiantly high and startlingly definite. In it Anthony of Padua is a tender, even exquisite

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figure—here is saintship of rarest order! But how inequitable, to forever and forever deprive Anthony of Padua of his head —because he had a heart!

Anthony of Padua was an evangelist who preached the Gospel in many parts of Italy and France, ranks with Augustine as a destroyer of heresy, performed miracles in obedience to scriptural injunction, possessed a brilliantly trained mind, and equally was the possessor of superlative personal charm. It is not upon record that he established a single devotion, or ever made himself famous by conducting any particular form of devotion; he founded no order, organized no community, nor ever placed himself at the head of anything. He taught theology at the request of Saint Francis and for a time was provincial at Bologna, but here were tangents, however glorified, impelled by obedience. His true genius, the genius which caused his canonization, was that of evangelical preaching. In this he has probably never been excelled in the Catholic Church.

In these days the term evangel is generally associated with a tent or a "tabernacle," an evangelist may be any sort of individual from a twelve-year-old child to an aged ex-convict, and the sum of it, however sincere, is tinctured with bedraggelment, with farce, even with burlesque. Therefore, it seems shocking—superficially at least—to apply the term to a semi-royal Portuguese, mentally brilliant and outfitted by nature in nearly perfect fashion. Yet Anthony of Padua was an evangelist. To appraise him with accuracy, he must be considered as such.

He was born a de Bouillon, of the Portuguese branch of the family of the fabulous Godfrey, and at baptism was given the name of Fernando. On his mother's side he was descended from the Tavera kings of the Asturias. Wealth and social position awaited him in his cradle, as were born in him graces of mind and body of surpassing sort. He was given the best education to be obtained in Lisbon, to which intellectual training he responded like a dazzling rocket, a force, however, not to scatter into sparks but rather to resolve into a planet. He became familiar with Latin, and read both the early Doctors of the Church and the writers of pagan antiquity, particularly Plato and Aristotle. The mysteries of Egypt attracted him, as did also the epics and philosophies of the East—Mahomet, the Lord Buddha, the placid Confucius. And like Augustine, he studied the teaching of Mani, the Babylonian, but unlike Augustine he was wholly unaffected by it even for a time. Rather was he destined to destroy the Manichaean theory with an intelligence no less decisive than that of the Bishop of Hippo. His power of memory, comparable with Macaulay's, was prodigious from his early youth—indeed he had memorized the entire contents of the Sacred Scriptures while scarcely more than a boy. This is matter of record, not of "pious tradition." It is pointedly indicative, for immediately upon his ordination as an Augustinian priest his study centered upon the Written Word. The Bible became his Candle in Jerusalem. In this singleness of purpose he is not rivaled even by the great Augustine, nor by Jerome of Dalmatia who revised the Vulgate of the New Testament not as a life-work but under orders from Pope Damasus I.

Upon changing from the Augustinian Order to the Friars Minor of Francis of Assisi—a change in itself a remarkable chronicle—Fernando de Bouillon took the name of Anthony from the celebrated hermit of the upper Egyptian desert, a saint who has been "painted" more than any other in the calendar. What destiny! But a different Anthony is this radiant Portuguese of twenty-six of whom the illustrious Leo XIII said: "He is not only the saint of Padua, but the saint of the whole world!"

In his first Franciscan year Anthony made his matchless translation of the Psalms of David to which he added notes and commentaries for the use of preachers; this was during his chaplaincy of a small convent of his order on the slope of Monte Paolo in Tuscany near Forli. And it was at Forli that he made his first appearance as a public speaker. The event happening today would be given much newspaper attention; as it was, Anthony became through that sermon the most noted preacher of his time. The sermon was extemporaneous and upon a text given him by the Bishop of Forli. The text was this: "Christ became for us obedient unto death even unto the death of the Cross!" The occasion was an ordination ceremony, and Anthony was called upon to preach. He was genuinely modest and genuinely unaffected, nor was there anything of the politician in him. He was better fitted, he declared in the sacristy of Forli, to serve in the refectory than to preach to such learned men. But he obeyed and he preached —upon obedience. From the storehouse of his mind tumbled in glittering fashion the study, the contemplation, the glory of his shining years; and with his charm of manner, physical attractiveness, beauty of voice and delivery—what a sermon it must have been! What a Jacob's ladder! What intelligent enchantment! A Daniel, but not to judgment! Nor any Jeremiah! The archangels—all seven of them—must have smiled from the steps of heaven. Friar Anthony in the pulpit of Forli faced his Padua. Ah well, why not ask him . . . for anything!

It is particularly interesting to comment upon Anthony's Lenten sermons at Milan where the memory of the noted Bishop Ambrose had survived through eight succeeding centuries. This celebrated bishop, who feared neither emperor nor Athens, was a man of genuine distinction embastioned by Greek culture as well as by Latin intellect. His "Apologia of the Prophet David "could not have been unknown to Anthony. At all events, the work had a revival with Anthony's coming to Milan. There were new printings and renewed discussion. Milan aroused by a Franciscan Friar in the pulpit of the great Ambrose revived the days of Ambrose, and to what effect! The great bishop, his honesty, his courage, his gentle homilies, his devotion to the Gospel; the saintly Ambrose who made the flaming Augustine await his final conversion; bishop and administrator, seigneur and statesman, unconquerable prelate—Ambrose, the glory of Milan, was outpreached by a Franciscan Friar in a brown robe! It was not because Anthony was more profound than Ambrose, nor a greater theologian—both of which he happened to be. Nor was it because of his youth, his vitality, his glittering presentment. Rather was it that he was an evangel—another, though very different, John the Baptist. What the literati of Milan were saying one to another was something like this: "Here is an intellectual modern saint!" What the unlaurelled exclaimed one to another was this: "Here is a man of God!" What they all found, each in common with the other, was the Gospel given to them as probably it never had been given before.

So did it continue with Anthony of Padua through all his days. His appearance everywhere was an event. Law courts and shops were closed that everyone might have a chance to hear him. Invariably was he compelled to address crowds in public squares, the cathedrals and churches being inadequate to hold his listeners. At Limoges on All Souls' Day in 1126 he preached in the cemetery of St. Paul's Church. His text was from his beloved Psalms: "In the evening weeping shall have

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place and in the morning gladness." The sermon, which has been preserved by the Benedictines, is of the rarest beauty.

Through Provence and Languedoc went Anthony of Padua, a radiant evangel, preaching the Gospel that men might find balance in living and balance in dying. In later years the pleasant land of France has had Fénelon and Bossuet, but only in Lacordaire has she known an approach to Anthony. The great Dominican—preferable surely to Torquemada—in his Lenten sermons at the Madeleine had much of Anthony's convincing power just as he possessed, what Anthony possessed in superlative fashion, the gift of attracting all manner and all condition of men. It is a dramatic coincidence that during the year 1226, when Anthony was preaching in France, Louis IX as a boy of eleven succeeded to the throne of his fathers—gallant Saint Louis, called by Guizot, "powerful king, valiant warrior, splendid knight and true Christian." One of his dreams was to restore the Kingdom of Jerusalem. When he was little he probably heard from his mother Blanche of Castile of a certain Franciscan Friar. But he could not know that in that brown robe a descendant of Godfrey of Bouillon was restoring the reign of Christ in his own kingdom.

Pope Gregory IX called Anthony, "the Ark of Both Testaments, and the Storehouse of the Sacred Scriptures." Humbler testimony is that of the bandit-chief who went to hear him "because," he exclaimed, "people said he was like the Prophet Elias." Anthony of Padua, traveling evangel, preacher of the Word of God!

COMMUNICATIONS

DISTRACTIONS OF A CHURCHGOER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Your issue of January 28 contained a letter from Father Urban Churchill dealing with a subject of some consequence, and, if I may be permitted, I should like to offer a few supplementary remarks. I do so with diffidence, for not many years have passed since the Catholic Church became my spiritual home, and as a newcomer I do not wish to presume, nor have I any desire to advise where I have come to learn. I would not, therefore, have taken it upon myself to broach the subject in the first instance, but inasmuch as this has now been done by a Catholic priest and as no one else, to judge from your succeeding issues, has thought it worth while to comment upon it further, I may perhaps venture to do so.

Father Churchill deplores what he considers the not uncommon misapprehension among Catholics of the essential nature and significance of the Mass, their "failure to realize that the Mass is an act—the act of sacrifice" and that "hearing Mass means taking part (through active union with the priest) in the offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass." If such lack of understanding is indeed widespread, it is surely a matter of moment and one deeply to be regretted, for in plain words it means no less than that the central rite of Catholic worship is imperfectly or erroneously understood by a considerable proportion of the Catholic laity. Misconceptions of the Mass which prevent Catholics from carrying out the intentions of the Church must inevitably result in a distinct spiritual loss, and at the same time constitute a source of danger.

The vicissitudes suffered by the Church in the course of her long history teach us in no uncertain voice that ignorance is perilous, and that while its consequences may not be very evident during periods of comparative calm, they become immediately and disastrously apparent when the loyalty and faith of Catholics are subjected to some unusual strain. At such times many are certain to fall away simply because their instruction has been so scant or so faulty that they do not know the true meaning and worth of the religion and the religious practices upon which they turn their backs. Unquestionably, a rich spiritual life may and in thousands of cases does flourish where inexact and partial intellectual knowledge exists side by side with great fervor of heart and soul. Yet for the bulk of the laity a more complete understanding of the doctrines and worship of the Church could prove only a stimulus to devotion in accordance with the mind of the Church, and in time of stress a powerful bulwark against defection. What the future holds for us we cannot foresee, nor can we tell by what heavy tests, what serious crises, Catholicism throughout the world may quite possibly be confronted even within our own generation. But whatever lies before us, our confidence in the outcome may well, so far as human factors are concerned, be based to a considerable degree on the extent to which Newman's desire for "an intelligent, well-instructed laity" has been fulfilled amongst us; for, as he adds, in "all times the laity have been the measure of Catholicism" ("Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics," London, 1851, p. 373).

Father Churchill closes his letter by asking: "Who is responsible for this lack of realization? And what is the remedy?" From a constructive point of view the second is the really important question, and perhaps the actions taken by the Church under somewhat similar circumstances in the past may afford an answer. Those who have studied ecclesiastical history, however cursorily, are acquainted with the efforts made by the Church, following the first rush of the Protestant movement in the sixteenth century, to stem the tide and to rectify the conditions which had made the debacle possible. More careful and fuller instruction of the laity was universally recognized as among the most effective means of restoring a healthy tone to Catholic life, and numerous methods were pursued with this object in view, such as that represented by the renowned "Catechism" of Saint Peter Canisius.

Now, if we turn to the canons and decrees of the great council of the Catholic Reformation, the Council of Trent, we shall find certain directions representative of another method and pertinent to the question raised by Father Churchill. The twenty-second session (September 17, 1562) concerned itself with the Sacrifice of the Mass, the classical canons upon the doctrine being promulgated at that time. Among the decrees simultaneously issued, that contained in chapter 8 under the heading, ". . . the Mysteries of the Mass to be explained to the People," is to our purpose. The latter part of this chapter explicitly enjoins that, in order that "the sheep of Christ may not suffer hunger, nor 'the little ones ask bread, and none break it unto them' (Lamentations, iv, 4), the Holy Synod charges pastors, and all who have the cure of souls, that during the celebration of Mass they frequently expound, either by themselves or others, some portion of those things which are read at Mass, and that, amongst the rest, they explain some mystery of this most holy sacrifice, especially on the Lord's day and on festivals."

This decree clearly evinces a determination on the part of the Tridentine Fathers to correct prevalent misconceptions of the Mass analagous to those which Father Churchill has in mind, and embodies a definite provision for the achievement of that end. Whether the decree has at some time been revoked, or whether it has simply fallen into abeyance, I do not know, but I am quite certain that it is no longer generally observed. As may be gathered from my earlier remarks I am able to speak

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only from a limited experience, but it is probably significant that during the seven or eight years in which I have attended Mass regularly, in various churches of this city as well as elsewhere, I have not so much as once heard an exposition of the Mass. It is hardly necessary to say that there have been frequent passing references to the Real Presence, and that such phrases as "the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass" have often been employed; but I have never heard a real explanation of the fundamental doctrines underlying the Mass or one which made evident its character as an act of worship on the part of priest and people. This has been a source of some surprise, no less than the fact that certain other subjects intimately bound up with the life of the Church, such as vocations to the religious life, have not in my hearing been touched upon even remotely.

But if the laity are to possess a true understanding of the Mass and to take their rightful part in its celebration, how can this be brought about except through the instruction given by the priest at Mass? Is not the method ordained by the Council of Trent not merely an eminently practical but the best possible means by which such knowledge can effectively be inculcated? Does it not, in short, provide the remedy sought by Father Churchill? Some might be inclined to interpose that the whole range of Catholic doctrine is concisely covered in the catechisms provided for the use and teaching of children, so that a majority of the adult laity has in fact already received sound instruction and consequently does not require such to be administered during later life. However plausible this view may appear, I cannot believe that it represents actuality. For one thing, the undeveloped mentality of children prevents an easy or clear comprehension of much that they are taught, and what they do not understand they simply learn by rote with little or no benefit to themselves. Indeed, it is largely on this score that at the present time, as we see in England particularly, Catholic educators of long experience are seriously questioning the catechetical system and are seeking some substitute promising better and more enduring results. Moreover, children, however well taught, have a half-century or so before them in which to forget what they have learned; and one of the discouraging traits of the human mind is the facility with which it allows things once known and grasped to become hazy or even to be quite forgotten unless the memory is from time to time refreshed by some reminder.

It must also be recognized, I think, that the average Catholic, once he has passed beyond childhood, is almost exclusively dependent upon the instruction at Mass time for the retention or acquisition of religious knowledge. Except for an occasional pamphlet which he may take from the rack, he is likely to read little or nothing of a religious nature or to acquire information from any other source. But on some fifty or sixty days in the year he attends Mass and listens attentively to the words of the priest. Whatever religious information he gains is gained at these times, and what he does not gain then it is improbable that he will gain at all. The instruction during Mass would thus seem to provide for the transmission of needed information a vehicle easy and direct in character as well as certain to reach every Catholic who carries out his religious duties.

I wonder, then, whether it would not be possible, whenever there are indications that important doctrines are being misapprehended or are in danger of slipping from the Catholic consciousness, for these to be brought to the attention of the Catholic body sharply and in their true light through the simple means advocated by the Council of Trent. Or, perhaps, to go a step further, an even more comprehensive method might be suggested along the lines laid down in one of the famous Constitutions adopted by the Synod of Lambeth in 1281 under Archbishop Peckham of Canterbury: the systematic exposition to the people at regular intervals during the year of virtually the entire corpus of Catholic faith and practice (Wilkins, "Concilia Magnae Britanniae," London, 1737, ii, 54). In this way every faithful Catholic would of necessity hear the chief tenets and precepts of his religion expounded not merely on random occasions but at set intervals which would give him no time to forget them. Surely, under systems such as these the state of mind pictured by Father Churchill would be rectified and its recurrence rendered difficult.

In conclusion, I should like to say that the purpose of my remarks would be entirely misunderstood and I should personally be more than sorry were they interpreted as intending even indirectly a criticism of or reflection upon the work of our priests. For them as well as for their untiring labors in our behalf I feel such profound admiration and gratitude that any such misconstruction would be very painful to me. I am sure that if ever in any land or at any time Catholics were served by a priesthood of finer character, more devoted to their people or more wholly consecrated to their high mission than that of our country, it must have been in some place and at some period of which history holds no record. But I think it not impossible that men who are themselves thoroughly trained, to whom the doctrines of the Church are thrice familiar and whose lives are passed in an ecclesiastical atmosphere, may be inclined to assume in others a conversance with such matters which does not really exist. As a result they may not quite allow for the extent to which the ordinary Catholic layman stands in need, not only of the essential practical exhortations to which in my experience they generally limit themselves, but of actual instruction in the articles of the Faith and the principles of Catholic worship if he is to maintain or gain an adequate hold upon them.

ELIOT B. WHEATON.

SIGNS AND AFFIRMATIONS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In the March 11 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, there appears an editorial designed to refute the charge that Catholics are not concerned with social problems and concern themselves enteirely with immaterial things. It describes the work of a Franciscan house in Detroit which has fed many unemployed during the present hard times, quoting from a Pope to the effect that "My plan of social reform is the Third Order of St. Francis." At best this is but a partial refutation of the charge, for while the work done by these good men is beneficial, it is not an example of the sort of approach to our social problems that offers the most hope of solving them. It is the work of salvagers who follow in the wake of human society and pick up the wreckage which it leaves behind, but who make no effort to see that it runs with less friction or that its direction is in the proper hands. Dealing with effects and not with causes, it is not by any means an adequate answer to the problems facing us today, and to maintain, as does the article referred to, that it is enough, is to disregard the progress of the last 300 years.

During that period man has learned much about the laws that govern natural forces and has made noteworthy attempts to control them. The philosophy that underlies the attitude expressed in your editorial is a relic of the days when even this limited knowledge was still unknown. It is a sort of fatalism that accepts the happenings of this world as the will

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of God over which man has no control. The only social policy then possible was to make the best of bad situations, and the work of the Franciscans represents perhaps the farthest lengths to which it could be carried. But today there is scarcely a field of activity into which rational planning has not been introduced, as a result of our steadily growing familiarity with the laws of natural science and economics, from flood control and disease prevention to tariff laws and city planning. Is it not in this direction that the most hope for the future lies?

In the same issue of THE COMMONWEAL there is an article from a contributor in Lyons describing the reactions of the natives of that city to the disaster recently visited upon them. He commends the "charity" shown by them in taking no steps towards placing blame for the calamity and the unnecessary loss of life which followed it. It is easy to see the similarity of the two cases—once more a disaster, this time geographic instead of economic, is accepted as an uncontrollable visitation of divine wrath, and no thought is given to preventing its repetition.

Of course all Catholics do not subscribe to this doctrine. There are many to be found taking an active part in the extension of human knowledge and power over the forces of nature. But there are not as many as there should be, and it is most unfortunate that your magazine should lend such support to the antagonistic philosophy of passivity. As the outstanding Catholic publication, its function should be to lead. It is both discouraging to intelligent Catholics and a valuable bit of evidence for those who charge the Church with being reactionary to find THE COMMONWEAL voicing the social philosophy of the middle ages. There is no reason why Catholics should be the last to make use of the advances that have been made in the natural and social sciences. Let God's will be done, but let us not ignore the progress made in finding out what it is.

RAWSON L. WOOD, JR.

The above letter is considered in the editorial, "Catholics and Social Reform," which appears in the first section of this issue.—The Editors.

COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE

Wollaston, Mass.

TO the Editor: The sociological novelties proposed by former Judge Lindsey show that his understanding of the problems of marital and pre-marital relations is a very superficial one. Doubtless the ex-jurist really thinks that his proposals are new and scientific, and that if adopted they would prove effective.

Fundamentally, Mr. Lindsey's theories for the reform of sex relations are based upon the social philosophy of Karl Marx, although the ex-jurist probably thinks his ideas are original with him. Incidentally this is one of the funny things about so many of our popular wise men. They come out with something which bears the label "absolutely new, therefore best," when the fact is their propositions in substance pre-date the Christian era.

Among the false insinuations made by Mr. Lindsey's propaganda is that churchmen are too backward to face the physical facts of sex relations. The truth is the Church has very effectively faced and dealt with these facts for nearly two thousand years; indeed, if she had not done so in a constructive and truly scientific manner, our own American civilization would never have been heard of.

It is modern neopagan culture which has made a big bogy out of sex, dragged it on to the campus, where it does not belong, and now does not know what to do with it, or how to control it. As a remedy Mr. Lindsey would open the campus gates and let the self-opinionated monster loose on Main Street.

In the light of these reflections Mr. Lindsey appears not as a constructive reformer but rather in the rôle of the proverbial bull in a china shop.

Stripped of its outer dressing, the proposal which Mr. Lindsey suggests as being a solution for the moral problems involved in sex relations is this: Young men and women are to get "married" and part company if they are childless and they find they don't like each other. To simplify matters the legalizing of the distribution of so-called scientific information on contraception is to make this information readily available. In this way morality and social purity are to be fostered. Of course such a proposition has to have some excuse. Mr. Lindsey instinctively recognizes that. The excuse is, in substance, that birth control is now widely used in certain circles, but the information is of "bootleg" character, whereas under the proposed legalized arrangements it would be all open and aboveboard.

The insinuation that birth control by artificial means is universally practised by the American people, is of course a grave indictment. If true, it means that we are on the quick road to national oblivion. Mr. Lindsey's proposals would speed up the process of our national disintegration. A calm survey of American home life would hardly justify, I think, the insinuation that birth control is practised in so wide a degree as to point to immediate national calamity, although its practice at all constitutes a dangerous sore on the body politic.

There are one or two other things Mr. Lindsey apparently does not know: that the very essence of marriage is permanency, and that its basic purpose is the propagation of the race. One of the greatest lessons to be gleaned from the experience of the past is that no people can long violate the laws of nature, and survive. Mr. Lindsey bewails the fact that early marriages are not so easy nowadays because of economic conditions, and that this is a direct cause of illicit sex relations. By such tokens the poor should be more immoral than the rich, or those in comfortable circumstances, which is not the case. And even if it were true, then the constructive social action would be to work for a more equitable distribution of opportunity and material goods.

Whichever way you look at the proposals of the ex-jurist, they stand condemned: by the judgment of history; by the test of science; and when looked upon in the light of those eternal moral principles which, while they call for self-control and discipline, yet are the basis of every true and noble human character, and are the foundation of America's greatness.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH.

I LOVE SAINT PETER

Rome, Italy.

TO the Editor: Long an admirer of Helen Walker Homan in "The Quiet Corner"—her gossamer touch, her shining humor, her solid culture—it was with joy that I saw her return to THE COMMONWEAL in company with no less a figure than the Keeper of the Heavenly Gates. She deserves well at his hands, but, *en attendant,* may she often slip in through the door of THE COMMONWEAL for the delectation of subscribers and wayfarers.

EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Admirable Crichton

THE FIRST glamorous hint of spring weather generally brings with it one of George Tyler's revivals—an event that has taken on a truly institutional character as the years progress. These revivals are apt to be rather heart-warming affairs, what with the wealth of tradition they help to keep alive, the friendly older faces they bring before us again and the sprinkling of younger talent they include, as if to reassure us as to the generation now taking up the burden of the stage. In all this, they are like the annual productions of The Players, with the advantage that their life is not limited to one week, and that after they have refreshed New York, they can continue their pleasant mission in other parts of the country. The current revival of Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" is no exception to the swelling list of Tyler affairs. It does warm the heart very effectively, even when it is slightly old-fashioned and brittle, and even when its impertinences are directed at persons and institutions and ideas that began to languish about the time Bernard Shaw grew his beard.

It may be recalled that in this play, Sir James Barrie both derides and defends British aristocracy. He derides it chiefly in its efforts to become unduly democratic and defends it in what it should be rather than in what it is. Moreover, his remarks may be applied to almost any country in which the social organization has lasted long enough to acquire class distinctions. He has a lot of fun in proving how carefully the servants' hall patterns itself upon the upper social order, and how any upset in the crust is felt, as it were, to the very bottom of the pie. Then, by way of showing that circumstances do alter cases, he transfers most of his aristocratic household to a wild tropical island, where an entirely new social order must erect itself on a basis of natural leadership. It is here that Crichton, the butler in England, becomes "the governor." Then, lest anyone should suppose that the island setting gives any truer perspective of human values, Barrie transports his whole gang back to England once more, where the old relationships are resumed again, with surprisingly little friction and a complete sense of fitness. It is all very trivial, if you wish, but also pleasantly amusing and barbed with the competent wit of sanity.

In the first act, the Earl of Loam has the notion that he can make the world democratic by having his daughters invite all the family servants to tea in the living-room once a month. Utterly oblivious of the discomfort and embarrassment of the servants themselves, and especially of the pain experienced by Crichton, the perfect butler, he plunges ahead in his snobbery.

In the second act, the Earl, his three daughters, the Honorable Ernest Woolley and the Reverend John Treherne are shipwrecked on a tropical island. They, Crichton and the scullery maid are the remaining survivors. But under the altered conditions, Crichton no longer washes his hands with invisible soap. He quite naturally assumes command of the situation, in spite of a few feeble protests, announcing that what is natural and highly proper in England may be quite unnatural and highly improper in the savage tropics. So it proves. After two years, Crichton is complete czar, giving orders and having them obsequiously obeyed in the manner of a tribal chieftain and his slaves. When he finally offers to marry the once proud Lady Mary Lazenby, she is quite overwhelmed at the distinction. But the impact of the old order is revived when a rescuing British ship appears on the horizon.

The last act, which is just a bit futile, except to establish Barrie's complete case, merely shows how easily the leadership changes hands when different qualities or conditions of leadership are demanded. As the last curtain falls, Crichton is once more washing his hands with the soap of caste.

William Gilette once made Crichton a starring vehicle. In the present revival, Walter Hampden (on a year's vacation from the arduous management of his own theatre) takes the part, and convinces one more than ever that his most serious mistake as actor-manager has been in not putting himself often enough in modern clothes. Mr. Hampden has so much of the scholar's reserve that he is only at his best when he can utterly drop the mask of nobility to play the romantic vagabond or an essentially character part. In "Cyrano," Hampden the scholar hides behind the mask of that incredible nose, so that Hampden the actor can give the illusion of a warm-blooded poet and adventurer. In "Caponsacchi," even without the aid of a mask, Hampden loses himself in the character of the quixotic priest. In "An Enemy of the People," what with spectacles and the like, Hampden again buries himself in a character. But his Hamlet is fine, chiefly in the heroic interpretation he gives to the much-maligned prince. The acting by itself is dangerously self-conscious, and becomes even more so, at times to a depressing extent, in "Othello," or as the penitent Thief, or in "Henry V," or as the Buddha in "The Light of Asia." My whole point, I think, is amply sustained by Mr. Hampden's very effective work in the second act of "The Admirable Crichton," when he appears in a red flannel shirt and khaki trousers. I have never seen him better than in this moment of complete relaxation, without the benefit of noble costume. I quite sympathize with Mr. Hampden's search for heroic themes as stage material, especially in these days when self-conscious and photographic realism has forgotten the meaning of either heroism or tragedy. But there are surely plays in which heroism can be found walking the streets in rags or plodding through harsh realities in plain clothes. When Mr. Hampden reopens his own theatre, I hope he will give us such characters as dramatic fare—not as exclusive fare, of course, but as a welcome and informal variety. If he does, then Mr. Hampden's most useful and distinguished days are still ahead of him.

Fay Bainter carries off the rôle of Lady Mary with all the mincing cuteness which she can bestow on a part when necessary. Miss Bainter is an actress of many sides, as those who recall her excellent work in the two-character play, "Jealousy," will readily admit. But her predominant mannerisms are not exactly expansive, and in the present instance fit the part to a nicety. Estelle Winwood's characterization of the scullery maid is particularly adept, and Hubert Druce as the Earl, and Ernest Glendinning as Ernest Woolley round out the principals of the island empire admirably. Something more than casual mention, however, is due Effie Shannon for her few gorgeous moments as the inquisitive and domineering Countess of Brocklehurst who becomes the lady inquisitor of the last act. Her work reminds one that finished acting has found no substitute in the sloppy realism of most of the new generation of actresses. There may not be much to stir or excite one in this

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Barrie revival, but it furnishes plenty of quiet amusement and no little feeling of what the theatre can and should be. (At the New Amsterdam Theatre.)

A Note on Modern Acting

THE FLEETING glimpse one gets of Effie Shannon in "The Admirable Crichton" brings up a whole series of thoughts concerning the acting trends of today. Perhaps the most unfortunate thing that has happened to many of our younger actresses is the mental picture they have acquired of the older school of actresses. It is quite true that many who have come to be known as old-timers are inclined to indulge too often in obvious theatricalisms, in exaggerations of gesture and mood which do not fit the current demand for naturalism. But to let the picture of their faults obscure the basic principles underlying their work is to throw away carelessly generations of accumulated experience and knowledge of what creates successful illusion in an audience.

The whole point is that the theatre is highly artificial, even when it gives the effect of being most natural. Not a good line of dialogue is written, not a scene is painted, not a gesture is made that would stand the test of literal and close comparison with real life. The mere physical element of distance between actor and audience necessitates this difference, particularly as the sum total effect of a play must be felt as clearly in the last row of the gallery as in the front row of the orchestra. The theatre is just one huge mass of conventions, tested for hundreds of years back as to their importance in producing, not reality, but the appearance of reality. The actor or actress must, to be good, strike the medium point of all these conventions, something which will not overpower the front rows, nor be too feeble to reach the back rows. The phrase "playing to the gallery" means more than truckling to mob emotions. It also means that the actor is passing beyond the point of medium expression and forgetting the front rows entirely. What the younger generation of actors sees in the "old school" is the occasional play to the gallery. What it fails to see is the careful study and practice of that happy medium of exaggeration, without which half the illusion of the theatre is lost.

Acting conventions include, of course, the right placing of the voice (far above real conversational pitch), the enlargement of gesture or facial expression to the point where it can be seen and understood, even if it is no more than a movement of the fingers or a turn of the head or a contraction of the eyelids, and, above all, a rhythmic sense of the timing of words and the gestures that go with them. The right timing of a speech or single line is as important to the action of a play as the timing of a throw in baseball. If a short-stop's throw is delayed too long, the final hurried snap of the ball is apt to result in disaster. Bad timing does the same thing to the illusion of a play. An actor waits an instant too long to pick up his cue, then rushes his speech to make up for the delay, and without the audience knowing quite why, the particular scene falls flat or loses all the significance the playwright had intended to give it. The modern effort at "naturalism" has meant little more, in many cases, than gross neglect of the most elementary rules of timing, on the mistaken theory, perhaps, that people in "real life" are never playing up to an audience and never do think about timing their words and their gestures. The danger is not so much that timing and other conventions will lose their value (they will reassert their own importance soon enough), but that things which an older generation might pass on as a living tradition will have to be learned again. The artificiality of the theatre is its greatest claim to realism.

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BOOKS

The End of a Civilization

China: A Nation in Collapse, by Nathaniel Peffer. New York: John Day Company. $3.50.

THIS volume is the result of a scholarship under the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, and is divided into twelve chapters, a bibliography and an index. Of the more than ninety books listed in the bibliography less than fifteen are by native Chinese authors, of whom not 25 percent are historians or philosophers of world repute. Consequently, this book belongs to the class of compilations that are not based on original Chinese works.

The opening chapter finds the author at his best. Mr. Peffer there sets forth certain aspects of the problem of China. He is inclined to assert that the ills from which China is now suffering are in the main or major part due to the West, even though he admits that the Manchu dynasty after the reign of Chien Lung had begun to deteriorate in vigor and organizing power.

The author does not seem to be acquainted with the works of Liang Chi Chao, one of the most resourceful and stimulating scholars of modern China (unfortunately recently dead). In his "Geography of China" and the "Study of Revolutions in Chinese History" it will be found that Chinese records continually direct attention to the fact that no race which has conquered China has been able to resist their power of absorption; as is witnessed in the case of the Mongols, the Tartars and the Manchus. In his "Study of Revolutions" Liang Chi Chao draws attention to the fact that since 221 B.C.—when the unification of the Chinese states was temporarily achieved —no less than one hundred and sixteen rebellions have taken place, either starting simultaneously or succeeding one another monotonously; and of this number no less than twenty-one have been successful. These revolutions must have been preceded by periods of disintegration and followed by periods of growing, though perhaps not of complete political quiesence. The arrival of the Western powers accentuated this persistent political and constitutional trouble but did not create it. In the nineteenth century, in addition to attacks from Britain and France in the south and at Tientsin, and the perpetual hectoring of Russia from the north, China had also to deal with the Taiping Rebellion and rebellions in Yunnan and Kansu. Chinese history from 1840 to 1870 is one long record of internal troubles and external attempts at intimidation. The question should arise, how was it possible for a nation to survive this series of attacks, and what is the character of a race that persists under such persistent attempts at spoliation.

The chapters setting out the gradual disintegration of the Manchu dynasty are in many respects excellent, and it is partially accurate to account for these aspects of disintegration as due to the extraterritorial privileges granted the foreigner as also to the special privileges granted to the missionaries. But the author does not bring out all the facts. Apparently extraterritoriality is not respected, either in the case of missionaries, many of whom are murdered, or civilian merchants, when towns are raided and trains fired on. It is easy to make suggestions as to what should be done, as the author does in Chapters XIII and XIV, but the fact remains few persons realize that China proper is of continental area and has problems commensurate with such an area. Its vast population comprises 22 percent of the population of the world. Geographic conditions, such as the vast desert of Shamo and the ring of mountains

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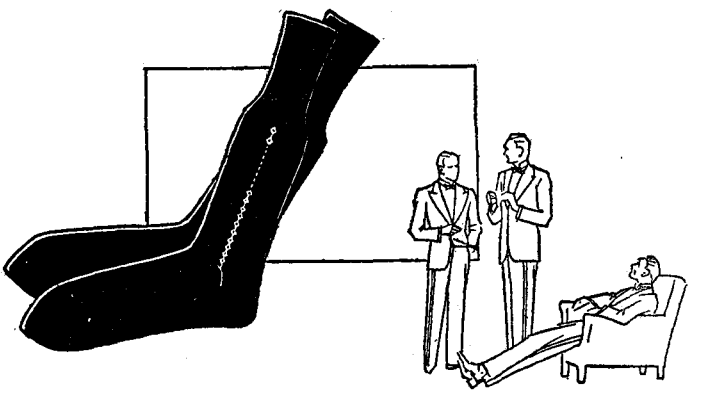

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NEXT WEEK

While Easter will be a time of rejoicing for us in our freedom, and even those who have forgotten the significance of the occasion will share the feeling that it is a holiday and will join in the festival spirit, millions of men and women in one of the largest nations of the earth will be under compulsion not to celebrate. They will work as they would on any other work day, as a symbol of their devotion only to material things. THE SOVIET EASTER, by Charles Phillips, and DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN, by Princess Nathalie Troubetskoy, are reminders of the soul of this people which is now undergoing an agony of darkness and repression that we devoutly hope will be brief. . . . CATHOLICISM OR DISILLUSION, by Rev. Gerald B. Phelan, is an extremely readable analysis, understandable by the layman in philosophy, of the trends of thought of contemporary American philosophers. It certainly staggers ones faith in the human intellect, but gives one a salubrious perspective on a more inclusive faith. . . . The second part of CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO, by E. R. Pineda, brings to a conclusion this survey of historical and psychological developments in a conflict near in time and geography to us. . . . A FAMILY OF PAINTERS, by James W. Lane, tells of the La Farges who through three generations of busy and diverse careers have maintained a common ability for the lucid statement of the interesting and beautiful things they saw. Braggart and noisy people whose taste was, to say the least, obviously questionable have so much held the center of the stage in the art world, that it is indeed delightful to discover—or rediscover—work that has obviously fine, skilful and high qualities. As Mr. Lane concludes, the work of the La Farges "does not shout, it humbly lays its thesis of happiness, serenity and love of color and design before you, you to accept it if you have the capacity."

ranging from Indo-China past Burma and the Tibetan plateau to the north, often above twenty thousand feet level, impose additional problems of government and communications. Can the Chinese in spite of their shown capacity to absorb other races, really provide the control, the law, the communications, the education necessary for this vast area, this vast population? The question of how far the permeation of this immense area and its people by Western ideas and plans is possible or probable, has not yet been faced.

Two simple questions might be considered. In America there is a growing protest against the increase of taxes, and rightly so. But double the area of America and treble its population and then consider the cost of education—not of its present 24,000,000 children of school age, but 80,000,000 children of school age, as in China.

When the Mississippi bursts into flood and carries destruction throughout its course, it taxes American ingenuity to deal with the problem. This occurs less frequently than the floods of the Yangtze and Hwang rivers, which rise over 6,000 feet above sea-level in Tibet and traverse the whole width of China. They pass through valleys flanked by massive ranges of mountains from whose lofty sides course in spring and summer streams made from the melting snows; these with summer rains cause the floods. The consequent destruction of villages and homes drives the peasants relentlessly to banditry or begging for food and shelter. Where is the money to harness these two immense rivers and their tributaries?

The fact is that the condition of China and the Chinese people is a world problem, to the solution of which the West can best contribute by coöperation with the existing Chinese government.

Mr. Peffer's book is useful because he has written without bias in favor of some plan, he plainly betrays his solicitude for this great people and their problems and does not recommend an imperialist adventure, and unlike so many transients in China he realizes that Western phrases do not describe Chinese conditions. For instance, when we speak of party government in the West it connotes a condition which most Westerners understand, but in China there are no political parties such as in the West. Nor is there any real understanding of the West in China among those who live away from the beaten tracks of commerce; nor has the education of the West reached any large percentage of the Chinese. For presenting these points clearly the author and the Foundation who permitted him to go are to be congratulated.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

A Curiosity of Literature

Reminiscences and Reflections from Some Sixty Years of Life in Ireland, by H. Kingsmill Moore. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.25.

THIS book is one of the minor curiosities of literature. Here is a man, near the close of a long life lived in the most complete detachment from reality, writing about his dream-world with an amazingly naive unconsciousness that it was all unreal, even though he has lately felt it crumble under his feet and pass away forever.

Born in England, son of an Episcopal clergyman, and educated at Oxford, H. Kingsmill Moore followed his father into the ministry, and as principal of the Church of Ireland Training College, Dublin (1884-1927), was one of the most eminent figures in the so-called Church of Ireland. The reminiscences of a man so placed should yield a wealth of information about

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the state of the country and the people among whom he lived. The significance of this book, however, is the witness it bears to the incredible degree of insulation in which the members of the Ascendency, or as the Irish people aptly called them, the Garrison, lived. Here was a man of intelligence, learning and kindly heart, living detached from the sorrows and trials of the people around him who were desperately fighting for their elementary rights—a people whose numbers dwindled yearly as they sought in exile the opportunity denied them in their native land, leaving behind them desolate acres and abandoned homes.

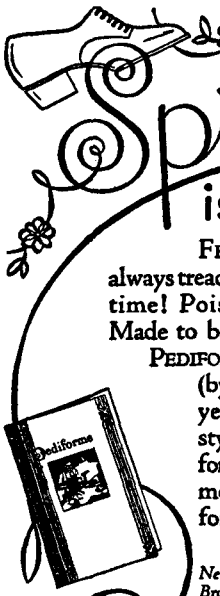
Of all these things the Reverend H. Kingsmill Moore was unaware. He and his kind lived in a world of their own, the smallest, the most unreal, that a class have ever created. It was a world of little courtesies and little services among and to themselves. Their ideal was politeness; their earthly paradise, a garden party where a bishop smiled; their ecstasy, a visit from an alien sovereign. Their business was to manage the affairs, devise the finances and expand the properties of a church which went under the disguise of an usurped name; which was a little alien irritant in the spiritual body of the most Christian people in the world. But the anomaly of their position never crossed their minds, or at least was never admitted.

Exploitation of the peasantry, rack-renting, evictions, the breaking up of homes, the devastating of the land, insurrection, the desperate clutch at freedom, the long patient struggle through parliamentary methods—scarcely the shadow of these things crosses the pages of this book; half a dozen times they are referred to, passingly, with an air almost of disbelief, with ever so gentle a deprecation. The people of Ireland never enter this story, save by way of occasional citation of an instance where some individual agreed with the opinions and acts of the Garrison, until the final pages. These pages relate some of the negotiations between the Church of Ireland authorities and the new rulers of Ireland, the ministers and judges and commissions of the Free State. For at last the dream-world of Ascendency had been pricked like a balloon, and its denizens found themselves face to face with the people of Ireland—and Dr. Moore has the grace to record that the people of Ireland treated them with the utmost courtesy, fairness and consideration.

In such account as he gives of the events of 1916-1922, however, Dr. Moore displays himself in no very favorable light. For the fairness he acknowledges receiving, he returns little in kind. He repeats some obscure partizan writer's absurd allegation that the Irish revolutionary organization paid from sixty to one hundred pounds sterling for each "murder of a policeman"—quite a price to be paid by an organization too poor to supply its little guerilla army with more than a few score revolvers! He laments the deaths of "innocent holiday-makers" during Easter Week in Dublin, but never hints that a huge invading army supported by artillery and gunboats in the Liffey might have caused any of these deaths. He misuses the term Sinn Feiners; refers to Arthur Griffith, the heroic man who through years of poverty and toil created Sinn Fein, as "W. V. Griffith"; and praises the Black and Tans, whose deeds sent a shudder through the civilized world.

This book, however, is a by no means negligible source-book for any student of modern Irish history. For here the mind and soul of the Garrison are revealed in all their naive unconsciousness of their unreality and futility and of the evil which they wrought.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.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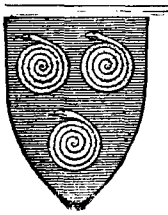

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Both Were to Blame

The Age of Hate, by George Fort Milton. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $5.00.

THE ADMINISTRATION of President Johnson was, as Mr. Milton calls it, "The Age of Hate," and for several years there has been a steady downpour of books asserting that the hate was all on the Northern side and that the South was a virtuous victim. It is true that the South got the worst of it, but Mr. Milton, who is a Southerner, does not represent his people as milk-white lambs.

The fact is that after Lee surrendered, the majority in both sections were anxious to let bygones be bygones and turn over a new leaf. There were violent haters still, North and South, but they were repressed and muted. In the main, this condition continued all through 1865 and part of 1866. The "Radicals," as the violent Northerners were called, were about as popular as an Orangeman in Cork. The South, however, insisted on extending the back of its hand and the sole of its foot to the North, and toward the close of 1866 the Radicals were in the majority in the North; and what a use they made of that majority! They so abused the South as to create a breach between the two sections that is only now healing, more than sixty years after.

In 1865 no important Northerner was a Radical except Charles Sumner of Massachusetts and Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania. The Union generals were almost a unit for fair play, Grant writing, "People who talk of further retaliation and punishment, except of the political leaders, either do not conceive of the suffering endured already, or they are heartless and unfeeling." Johnson's policy of moderation was endorsed in the North by both Conservatives and Radicals, including the original abolitionist Governor John Andrew of Massachusetts.

Stevens had conceived the idea, though Mr. Milton credits it to Wendell Phillips, that the Southern states were no longer states, but conquered territory, to be treated as the conquerors might see fit. This was the idea subsequently carried out: the South was divided into military districts, with troops in control of each. But at the Pennsylvania convention of 1865 Stevens had to endure a resolution endorsing Johnson, though not his policies, and all Sumner could do was to put through a Negro suffrage resolution in Massachusetts. It was a partizan move. "We need the votes of all, and cannot afford to wait," he wrote. Otherwise the Northern conventions generally supported a mild policy.

But there were Southern conventions that year, too. Mississippi led off by granting the suffrage to white citizens only, and yielding to emancipation only because slavery had "been destroyed" by soldiers. The other Southern states were equally intransigeant, with the sole exception of North Carolina, whose convention declared that the Ordinance of Secession in 1861 "is now, and at all times hath been, null and void." State after state enacted "black codes," which were laws reducing the freed Negroes to slavery without using the word. They elected, as their senators, representatives and governors, men who had not yet come under the amnesty and could not possibly take the oath; men ranging from the Confederate vice-president to Confederate generals awaiting pardon.

With all that, the Conservative Republicans were still in the majority; but Stevens induced a joint caucus of Republican senators and representatives to agree that neither chamber should admit men from any state rejected by the other. As he controlled the machinery of the House, he could and did exclude

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Union men from the border states, and thus enabled Sumner to put the same game through in the Senate; and the Radicals gained control. At the election of 1866 the Southern Democrats nominated ex-Confederates and the Northern Democrats nominated Copperheads; and, confronted by the choice between a Radical and a Copperhead, the voter was apt to choose the Radical.

The Congress which was thus elected through the senselessness of both Northern and Southern Democrats had the South at its mercy, and under Stevens's leadership created a reign of terror. It did not come to an end until the crowning effort to impeach Johnson failed, when the whole edifice crashed.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Limiting Cosmology

The Dynamic Universe, by James MacKaye. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THIS book, the author tells us, "presents a cosmological theory dealing with the structure, and cause of change of motion, of material bodies." And as the reason for its title we are told that the "fields," gravitational, electrical and magnetic, are "modifications of the ether, because they are modifications of the radiation which constitutes the ether. Moreover, ordinary light and matter are probably modifications also. This, in substance, is what is meant by saying that the universe is dynamic."

The theory proposed is a theory of radiation in which the attempt is made to explain the phenomena of the universe in terms of a "super-penetrating etherial radiation," and, "all change in the motion of material bodies relative to the ether is the result of differences in the radiation pressure effectively impinging upon them, and all absence of change in their motion is the result of absence of such differences." Thus, the following affirmative reply is tentatively given in answer to the question: Is matter a form of radiation? "If at the moment of disappearance of matter, radiation in a form recognizable (at least by inference) as such appears, what is it that has disappeared? And the plausible answer would seem to be 'radiation in a form which is not (or has not hitherto been) recognizable as such.' In short the 'particle' which was annihilated, was radiation all the time, only it was in a form which our means of observation did not permit us to recognize as radiation."

Criticism from the standpoint of the metaphysician is in part, at least, disarmed by the author's statement that his book is "little more than a provisional outline," and by his limiting the discussion to the structure and the cause of change of motion in material things. For many purposes it is convenient and advantageous to think of bodies in terms of energy or radiation or the like. So thought of, they become more tractable to the experimenter, and with this delimitation of the purpose of a theory why should a metaphysician be discontented? It is rather for the physicist to say whether theories so conceived meet the needs of his experiments and his measurements. But of course cosmology is more than this, and a cosmological theory that aims to be at all adequate may not remain within such limits.

Structure and motion are not all of reality, even of material reality. And in spite of all that has been done and said since, no one has ever succeeded in effectively setting aside Aristotle's criticism of his predecessors who could see nothing but material and efficient cause in the universe. For the metaphysician even material reality must have a meaning, and if it

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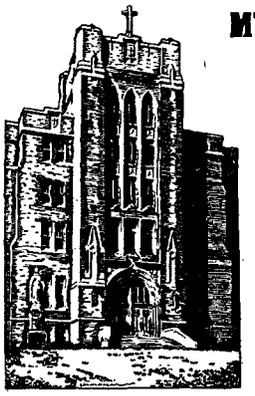

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is in motion, he may not overlook the demands of the question: Whither?

In setting forth his own theory the author has dealt with relativity by way both of comparison and contrast. Out of the "Babylonian confusion" centering around this idea of relativity, he points a way toward understanding by stripping relativity explanations of their merely verbal unintelligibilities. And when he has shown us the relativity explanation as a "dimensional disguise" for a "non-dimensional phenomenon," and when he has pointed to the non-dimensional thing for which the relativity explanation is wearing the disguise, it is hard not to feel that he does seem to have deflated relativity.

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

Gammon and Spinach

Cakes and Ale, by Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.00.

THIS is the type of novel which goes under the head of "malicious." It is also the type which shows up its author even more beautifully, if less deliberately, than those whom it sets out to pillory. It is an open secret that the chief figure of the book is supposed to be Thomas Hardy, but Edward Driffield is quite the weakest character in the novel. Outside a few externals, and one or two incidents taken from life, Driffield simply *isn't* Hardy. He isn't even interesting. Faced with a true genius, Maugham completely fails to convey the feeling that here is a man who is somebody. It is true that Maugham himself, or at least his writer who tells the story, seems to think that Driffield is overrated, but in his portrayal he doesn't give the slightest hint as to why the novelist had so impressed the imagination of the world.

More effective is the portrait of Alroy Kear, the time-serving novelist whose living original is only too apparent. But the really interesting figure is the first Mrs. Driffield, who, morally the most impossible person in the book, seems to be the only one for whom Mr. Maugham has any sympathy. There is a reason for this. Driffield doesn't really exist, and Alroy Kear is at bottom a most unpleasant type of literary man. Rosie Driffield, for all her vulgarity and complete lack of morals, is not afflicted with hypocrisy. She has a kind heart in the limited fashion of her class and once we accept her type, isn't a bad sort.

But as to Mr. Maugham—in "Of Human Bondage" he has written one of the most remarkable novels of the present century but in "Cakes and Ale" he has turned his talents to a meanness of spirit which arouses disgust.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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